

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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MICROBE THAT HAS SLAIN MILLIONS

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BEN HOLLINGER AND HIS GOLD MINE

Extraordinary Story of the
Richest Site in the World

STROKE OF A PICK WHICH BROUGHT A FORTUNE

There is a gold mine in Canada, the Hollinger Mines, in the Porcupine District of Northern Ontario, which makes bigger yearly profits than any bank in the Dominion. If it were owned by one man it would make him a dollar millionaire once every two months.

Over £10,000,000 worth of gold, half being profit, has already been taken from the mines, and experts suggest that during the next 40 years as much as £90,000,000 worth of the precious ore may be secured before the point of exhaustion is reached.

The story of how this fabulous golden treasure was found is one of the strangest romances of happy-go-lucky prospecting. It has been told by the Toronto correspondent of The Manchester Guardian.

The Search for Gold

Benny Hollinger found the gold when he was penniless, 24 years old, and a very novice at the job. He had heard rumours of gold in the north, and as he had nothing to lose he thought he might as well try his luck. So he persuaded a barman at the Cobalt silver camp to lend him about £15 for food, equipment, and cost of travel, and, as security for the debt, Ben offered the barman a half share in anything he might find.

When Ben had gone away to begin his search, the barman, Jack McMahon, made a deal with half of his half-share, selling it to his brother-in-law, Jim Labine, for £15, so that Jack was insured against loss, and still owned a quarter-share.

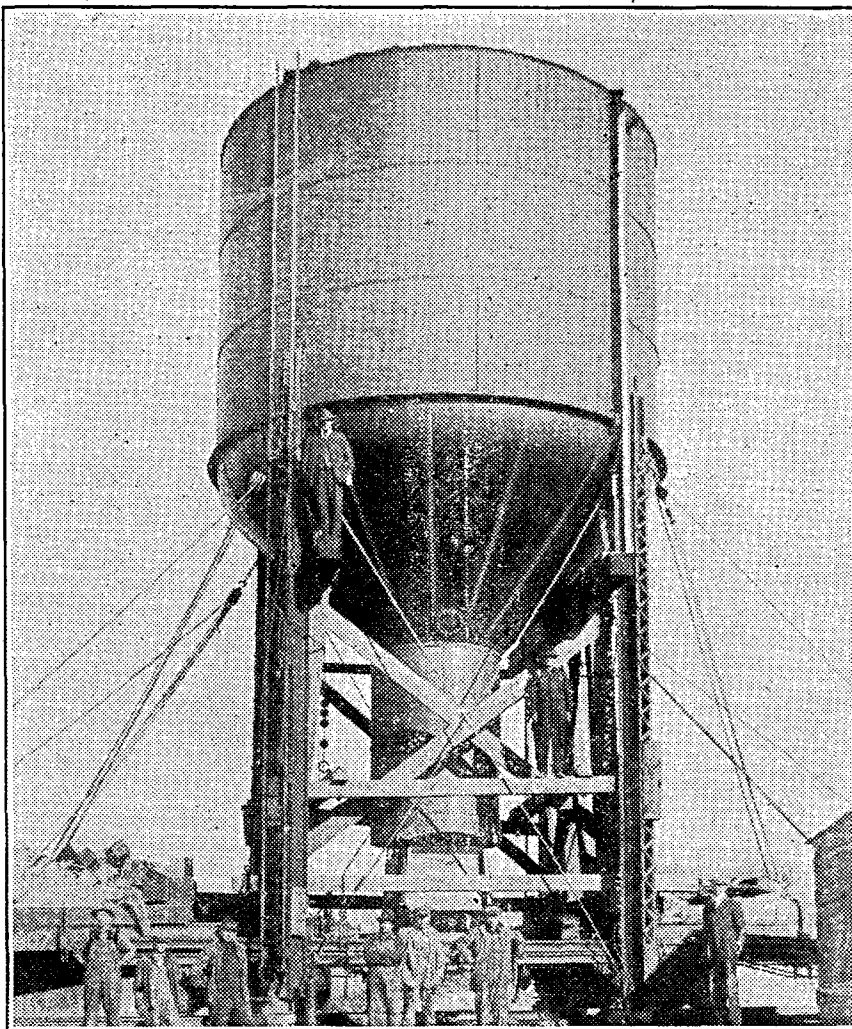
Before he started on his wanderings Ben agreed with another chum, Barney McEnaney, that if ever he found a promising gold-producing pitch he would stake out a claim for him too; and then away he went with another chum, Alex Gillies. Such is the way of the light-hearted gold prospector on the outskirts of civilisation.

A Great Adventure

Coming to some low-lying spruce swamps, Hollinger and Gilles saw signs which seemed to them promising, so they staked out twelve claims, and then tossed which should take the six to the eastward, and which the six to the west.

It was in October 6, 1909, that Ben Hollinger, wielding his pick on what is now the Hollinger Township, came upon white quartz sprinkled with yellow gold. His luck had come. Carrying off samples to a mining syndicate in Cobalt, he was at once offered £400 cash down to fix the bargain, and £56,000 if it were satisfactorily completed. The purchasers,

A Big Load for the Railway



A fifty-thousand gallon water-tank loaded on a railway truck in Eastern Canada ready for removal to a place forty miles away. The tank was jacked up on the truck, and its enormous size can be judged by the men shown in the picture. Fortunately, Canadian railways cross the roads by level crossings, and not under bridges. See page 5

as an alternative to the cash, offered Ben 50,000 shares in the mine about to be begun, but he preferred the £56,000 in cash. If he had taken the shares they would, at the present time, have been saleable for over half a million sterling.

Ben, however, took the money, and the first thing he did was at once to find his friend, the lucky barman, and hand him his share—£28,000. So Barman McMahon and his brother-in-law, Jim Labine, each received £14,000 for lending £15 to Benny Hollinger.

Meantime, Barney McEnaney held back from selling the claim which Ben had staked out for him, and eventually sold it for £100,000, much to the delight of Ben, who said he was "as glad as Barney" at his friend's good fortune.

Ben had no bitter jealousies of those who did better than he did out of the mine. He put by his money for his wife and children and was perfectly content. Then he went out again for the love of pure adventure; and one day, sitting in his chair, he fell dead suddenly.

Both Hollinger and McEnaney are now dead, Ben dying ten years after his discovery of the richest gold mine in the world. The story of gold-mining

abounds with strange freaks of fortune, but none of them can surpass the record of the casual discoveries and light-hearted gifts of Benny Hollinger, the man who gave his name to the mines that today surpass all others in their productiveness and profits.

The Cobalt silver area referred to was discovered in very much the same way. While the railway was being made a man struck silver in the ground by accident, and now the Cobalt silver mines are the richest in the world.

MR. FORD'S THERMOS Keeping Molten Metal Hot

The plant of the Ford Motor Company, which has just turned out its seven millionth car, is a mechanical wonderland.

Among other things it has the world's greatest thermos bottles. These are huge containers in which molten metal for auto castings is kept white hot for five hours or more at a time, on the same principle as coffee is kept warm in a thermos bottle.

This device is a great labour saver, as hitherto it has always been necessary to cast the metal into blocks after mixing, and remelt it as required.

SLAVE-OWNER'S SON AND SLAVE'S SON

FINE INCIDENT AT A
MEETINGHow Two Men Came Together
on an Educational Platform

BLACK AND WHITE RACES

It is a joy to report a remarkable and most pleasing incident that has been brought to our notice.

At a conference of churches in Indianapolis Dean Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, rose and asked leave to make some personal remarks about himself and another member of the Executive Council—President S. G. Atkins, of the Winston-Salem Institute, North Carolina.

A Trusted Slave

Then he went on to say he was sure the relationship existing between himself and one other member of the executive was such as did not exist between any other two members, and could never exist again. One of them was the son of a former slave-owner; the other the son of a slave who had belonged to that owner. Then he continued:

Among the slaves owned by my father and mother in my childhood the one we trusted most and loved best was Allen Atkins. That man's son is here with me and you, an honoured member of this Committee. Educated by the Episcopal Church in the South, Mr. Atkins, founded, 30 years ago, the Institute at Winston-Salem, of which he is still the head.

Dean Tillett then asked President Atkins to come forward, and the slave-owner's son, extending his hand to the slave's son, said to the slave's son: "If thy heart is as my heart give me thy hand." The two having shaken hands, Dean Tillett continued:

I honour the memory of my father and am proud of my descent from him; but I want to say that I also honour the memory of your father. He was a good man and true. I congratulate you on your descent and your ascent. When I think of the conditions you have overcome and what you have accomplished I feel your achievement in life is greater than mine.

If all the members of your race and mine could understand each other and feel toward each other as you and I do there would be no troubles between black and white.

A Gracious Moment

President Atkins then came forward amid warm applause, and said:

This is a gracious moment for me, and one of hopeful suggestiveness for my race.

There are many dark spots in our race relations, but let us try to bring out the bright spots. Personally I appreciate very much the consideration of Dean Tillett for the son of the man who once was owned by his father.

Surely at the heart of this moving scene may be found the secret of future amity between the mixed races of America.

FEBRUARY FILL-DYKE DRIEST MONTH BECOMES THE WETTEST

Why the Ditches are Full of
Water

MAKING UP THE SHORTAGE

By Our Weather Correspondent

The origin of the proverb "February fill-dyke" is unknown. After such a month as February, 1923, most of us will have no difficulty in applying it, for dykes or ditches were full and overflowing throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales. The Thames Valley in places resembled an inland sea; in places the water stretched for miles, interrupted only by the lines of the hedgerows and by marooned tree-trunks. Similar scenes occurred in the middle Severn Valley, and in South Wales landslides took place owing to the persistent rain.

Nevertheless February is normally nearly, if not quite, the driest month of the year in this country.

It is, of course, the shortest month, having only 28 days instead of 30 or 31, and this has something to do with it, but by no means all, for March, with a full complement of 31 days, is nearly as dry. All the spring months are generally less rainy than the summer and winter, April, for all its reputation for showers, being actually the driest month of the year in most parts.

The Waterlogged Ground

The driest periods known to have occurred in England have, however, nearly always been in February; in 1891, for example, many places had no rain at all, and more recently, in 1921, at the beginning of the great drought, we experienced an almost rainless February.

The "fill-dyke" is, therefore, not likely to refer to great rainfall. What happens is that in winter the ground is usually waterlogged, and streams are running freely, so that it requires very little rain to fill ditches to overflowing. This is because during the cold months the sun has little power to evaporate water, while during summer most of the rain is quickly evaporated.

Another possible explanation is that the dykes are more often filled with snow in February than in any other month. Heavy snowfalls are more frequent in the late winter and early spring than in December or even January. It requires only a fraction of the amount of precipitation to fill a dyke in the form of snow as it does when the moisture falls as rain.

Gale Follows Gale

Whatever may be the explanation of the saying, February this year was one of the rainiest Februaries known. The weather conditions were unsettled, gale following gale, with constant heavy rainstorms and in the Midlands deep snow. It is many years since the Peak District, England's winter-sports ground, offered such opportunities for tobogganing and skiing.

The rainfall records show that the wettest districts were, as usual, in the west. Nearly everywhere in Wales and in parts of Devonshire the month's rainfall exceeded 10 inches, in places rising to 20 inches. Toward the east it decreased steadily, falling to about 3 or 4 inches along the east coast. These figures represent more than twice the average fall for the month, and in some cases more than three times the average.

Wettest February Known

At Ross-on-Wye, where rainfall records have been kept for a century, it was the wettest February ever known, while at Bristol and Bath and numerous other places in the west of England it also created a record.

The occurrence of a really wet month at this time should have been a boon to those responsible for our water supplies, for since the drought of 1921 underground water has been at a low level.

THE MAN WHO GAVE US A FLOWER

A Vicar and the Shirley
Poppy

HELPING TO EXPLAIN THE WORLD

The discoverer and grower of the beautiful Shirley poppy, the Rev. William Wilks, has died at the village of Shirley, where for 33 years he acted as vicar, and where, 33 years ago he first grew the flower now so familiar in our gardens.



Rev. W. Wilks

He developed the new poppy from one that he found in a cornfield outside his vicarage garden. Many people would have simply regarded it with interest and curiosity; but Mr. Wilks was a lover of flowers, and he saved the poppy and sowed the seeds.

The next year, out of 200 plants, three or four flowers had the familiar white-edged petals, and after years of careful selection Mr. Wilks produced the variety of poppy known as the Shirley poppy.

If a man be a benefactor of the human race who grows two blades of grass where one grew before, no less is he a benefactor who gives the world a new beautiful flower. The world is more beautiful today because Mr. Wilks loved flowers.

And the world is not only more beautiful, but it is also wiser. Lord Tennyson, picking up a flower, once wrote:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies:
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

This little poppy which Mr. Wilks found in the cornfield, together with an evening primrose found by the Dutch botanist De Vries, has done much to help us to "know what God and man is," for it has shed new light on the whole process of evolution.

HAS AN INSECT BRAINS?

The Wily Ants
CURIOUS HAPPENINGS AT
THE ZOO

Dr. L. E. Cheeseman, curator of insects at the Zoo, believes that insects have brains.

He says that not only have they nerve cells in their heads, but that they are capable of learning by experience; and he gives two instances of apparent reasoning power on the part of ants.

In the Zoo the red ants are given a dead mouse now and then, and promptly proceed to bury it. On one occasion, as they dug under the mouse, it rolled into a moat surrounding their nest, and carried some ants with it. The next time the ants took precautions against such an accident by beginning their excavations on the side of the mouse away from the moat.

Some other ants of a smaller species showed reasoning in another way. Having failed to drag a larva out of a burrow by its protected horny head, they went to the back of the burrow and bit the unprotected part of the larva's body, thus inducing it to move.

Dr. Cheeseman may be right; but it is very difficult, as he says, to draw a distinction between instinct and reason, and the processes in the brain of an insect must be entirely different from the processes in the brains of human beings.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Muhlhausen	Mool-how-zen
Perigee	Per-e-jee
Saar	Zar
Seattle	Se-at-tel

CANADA TAKES A STEP FORWARD

A Treaty With America
SOMETHING NEW WITHIN THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

A great step forward has been taken by the Dominion of Canada as a nation on its own account, though a faithful member of the British Commonwealth.

For the first time in her history Canada has made and signed a treaty with a foreign country without Great Britain taking any part.

Hitherto the British Government in London has made all treaties with foreign States on behalf of the Empire as a whole, even though only Canada might be affected. Now the Canadian Dominion feels that, if the business concerned in a treaty refers only to Canada, Canada should manage it on her own account. Such a case has arisen between Canada and the United States on the subject of fisheries. It has become necessary to protect the North Pacific fishing grounds by a treaty with the United States, and, as only the United States and Canada are concerned, the British Government feels that the Canadian Dominion is right in doing its own business in its own way.

The wonderful unity of spirit pervading the world-wide British Dominions is largely due to the instant willingness of the Mother-Country to stand aside when any Commonwealth within the Dominions wishes to act independently in its own affairs. Freedom from unnecessary interference, with unity for the common safety of all, is the spirit that has made and keeps the British Dominions all united while each is free.

FINANCING THE BOY PARLIAMENTS

How They Do It

Many readers may be wondering how the Canadian boys' work movement, which the C.N. has noticed from time to time, is financed.

Taking Manitoba as an example, the amount of the budget proposed by the Minister of Finance, and passed by the House, was about £1300. This was to cover all expenses of the permanent secretary and his staff, printing, parliamentary, and training camp expenses, and so on.

It was proposed to raise this by the sale of one dollar Boys' Work Bonds, issued on the authority of the Boys' Parliament and over the signature of W. H. Arnold, Minister of Finance. No one was to be asked to buy more than one bond, and a systematic canvass of Winnipeg and the Province was arranged, Premier Armstrong and Treasurer Arnold making a tour of the province during the campaign.

The final results are not to hand, but it looks as if the total will be nearly double, for, as the bonds say, the interest is unlimited, being paid in human welfare and good citizenship.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP Danger of Tiring the Heart

By Our Medical Correspondent

A Lincolnshire farm labourer who fell asleep in a chair after a heavy meal died suddenly, and it was found that death was due to pressure on his heart while sleeping in a sitting position.

The danger of death from such a cause is very remote; but still the accident teaches us that it is wiser to sleep lying down than sitting up. When we lie down the heart has much less work to do, as it has then to propel blood only horizontally.

If we go to sleep upright in a chair a tired heart, pressed upon by the stomach, has hard work to do, and it may even, as in this case, fail in its action.

We should lie down to sleep, and we should not over-eat before sleeping.

NITROGEN SECRETS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

Curious French Agreement
With a Great German Firm
BRITAIN'S NEW FACTORY

By Our Economic Correspondent

A very curious result of the war has just been announced. In 1919 the great German chemical firm, justly famous all over the world, the Badische Anilin und Sodafabrik, agreed to sell to the French Government all its patents and processes for the fixation—in the form of sulphate and nitrate of ammonia—of nitrogen extracted from the air, and the French have just published the fact.

The agreement is of great importance, as can be understood if we study the relation of nitrogen supplies to the welfare of nations. Nitrogen means life or death to a nation, for human beings cannot either live or fight without it. Flesh cannot be formed without nitrogen; that is why we eat bread, meat, and other nitrogenous foods. And the farmer cannot grow corn or feed animals without the help of nitrogenous manure.

What Happened in the War

In the war it became very difficult both for the Allies and their enemies to get their usual supplies of nitrate of soda from South America. The German submarines did their best to sink the ships bringing nitrates from Chile to Britain, France, and Italy; and the British fleet, on the other hand, did its best to keep nitrates out of Germany.

The German blockade failed, fortunately for us, but as all the Chile nitrate brought in was needed for munitions, the British farmer had to take a substitute in the form of sulphate of ammonia, produced from gasworks and coke ovens. On the other hand, the blockade of Germany succeeded so well that Germany was completely cut off from imported supplies.

Then science came to Germany's rescue. A German named Haber had invented a process by which nitrogen from the air could be combined with pure hydrogen to form ammonia, from which nitrogen products can be made.

Air Becomes Bread

By employing this process the Germans, in effect, turned the air into bread.

Curiously, however, nitrogen is needed not only to make bread but to make explosives. At one and the same time in the war it was needed to save life and to destroy life. So the great Badische works became the source of both German bread and German explosives.

It is a matter of profound concern, therefore, that an agreement has now been made by the Badische works to sell its nitrogen secrets to France.

For a large payment the Badische firm agrees to give to France, without reservation and exclusively, all their patents, secrets, and knowledge. The secrets and special skill are probably worth more than the patents. They engage to give all necessary help in establishing a great French nitrogen works at Toulouse. German engineers will superintend its erection, and French scientists are to have the run of the German factories at Oppau and Merseburg.

An Aid to French Power

Some of the German papers have reproached the Badische firm for making such secrets over to France. One German paper contrasts the new agreement with the fact that in the old days a German workman would have been punished with imprisonment if he had ventured to reveal any chemical secret.

It is good to be able to add that there is a near prospect of a great British nitrogen works being in operation. We may be able to dispense with the German aid which the French have to buy because of their backwardness in industrial science. In any case, it is very necessary for Britain, with her great need for nitrogen, to bestir herself.

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The Children's Newspaper

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SOLOMON'S MAGIC CARPET

A CURIOUS STORY FROM THE LONG AGO

Legend of a King Who Flew Through the Air

QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO JERUSALEM

A well-known airman claims to have made a discovery that is no discovery.

He has found that in an old Abyssinian manuscript, which Sir Wallis Budge of the British Museum has translated, there is a reference to something which seems much like a description of an airship; and the airman has declared that nobody has noticed this. But the gallant colonel is mistaken; it was noticed in the newspapers about a year ago.

One contrivance which Solomon is reputed to have given to the Queen of Sheba was "a vessel wherein one could traverse the air or winds, which Solomon made by the wisdom which God had given him."

Command of the Winds

Very interesting; but Arabian and ancient Jewish literature teems with such ideas. Indeed it is an article of faith with every pious Mohammedan that Solomon had command of the winds to fly where-soever he would, and that he did fly, daily, seated on his throne.

Mohammed took this from the Talmud, the famous old book of Jewish traditions, which says that when Solomon and his army desired to travel, a great carpet was placed on the ground, with himself enthroned on it and his soldiers all about him. Then all rose into the air and flew, with the birds winging their way overhead as a living canopy to screen him and his armies from the sun!

According to the Koran, it was in consequence of these powers—which of course he never had—that Solomon first heard of the Queen of Sheba.

The Terrible Genius

Be that as it may, Solomon sent a mission to the queen, and eventually she visited him with a magnificent cavalcade, of which the Bible tells us.

But the Koran has it that while she was on her way Solomon played a trick on her, sending "a terrible genius" who flew there and back, bringing her throne to Solomon in the twinkling of an eye!

And Solomon had doubts, the Koran says, as to whether the queen was a woman or a witch, for he was told she had feet like an animal's. So he laid a floor of glass over which she must pass to enter his palace, and we read that "when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water, and she revealed her feet by lifting her robe to pass through it."

Such wild legends flew about the world in the long ago, and we are not called on to believe that Solomon or anybody else before Wilbur Wright ever flew in the air like a bird.

300 YEARS OF COAL

The Stocks in French Mines

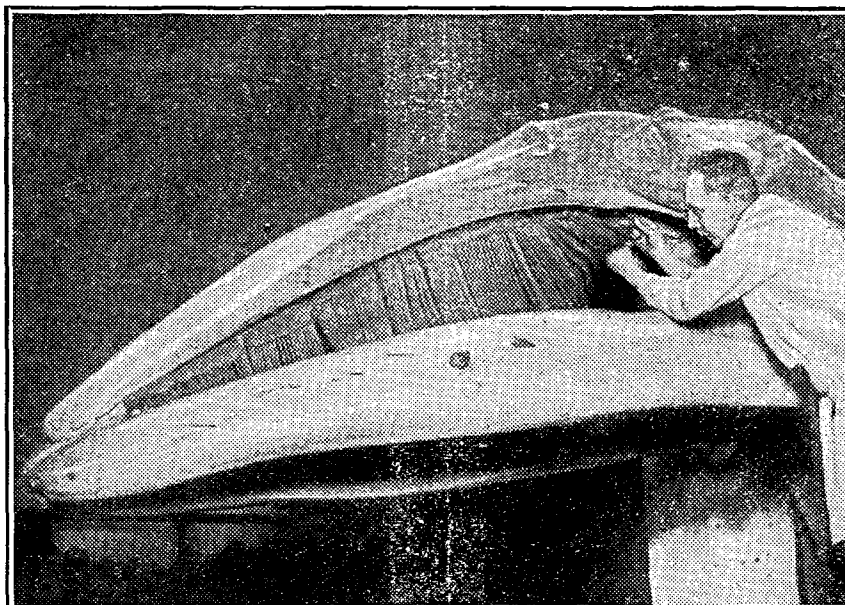
A French mining engineer has given some very interesting details about the coal resources of France.

He pointed out that France had only 17,000 million tons, while America had reserves of 2,000,000 million tons; Germany, 410,000 million; England, 190,000 million; Russia, 60,000 million; and Austria and Hungary, between them, 54,000 million.

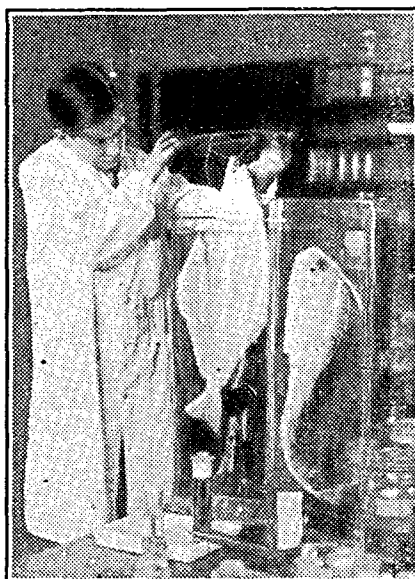
The Saar coalfield, in Germany, probably contains more coal than all France.

In France, however, the normal consumption of coal is only 60 million tons a year, and at that rate the supplies are sufficient to last the country at least three centuries.

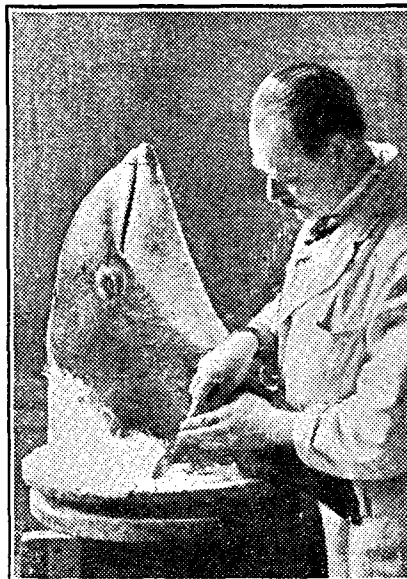
SOUTH KENSINGTON MEN AT WORK



Attaching the whalebone to the jaws of a thirty-foot whale from the Pacific



A halibut being placed in spirit



Preparing a white-beaked dolphin's head



Experts fitting the teeth to the skeleton of an African rhinoceros

Many new specimens have been arriving lately at the Natural History Museum, Kensington, and the scientists who prepare the objects for exhibition are always busily at work. These photographs, taken at the museum, give some idea of the difficult detail work that has to be carried out to make the specimens fit for show

A MYSTERY OF SCIENCE

WHAT DO THE X-RAYS CURE?

Danger of Expecting Too Much from Them

GROPING FOR THE TRUTH

The subject of X-rays has been much under discussion in the grown-up papers, affording fascinating reading to the public, but alarm to men concerned with the science as promising and professing too much.

An expert has thought it right to sound a note of warning through the C.N. on this mysterious question. While it is impossible to exaggerate the value of X-rays for the discovery of the internal condition of the body, it is wrong and unpardonable, he says, that the rays should be lightly represented as cures for various maladies.

Though some of the most brilliant minds in the world are concentrated on it, the subject is still full of mystery and complexity. Men are groping on in the hope of discovering means whereby the rays may be rendered beneficial to deep-seated maladies, but up to the present the way has not been found, and it is absolutely incorrect to speak of the rays as if they were soon to banish surgery.

Danger to Healthy Tissue

Where our great hospitals succeed with X-rays is after the surgeon has done his work, not before. When an operation has been performed there may be danger to healthy tissue which has surrounded the affected cells, and this tissue in turn may be irritated into unhealthy action. There the X-rays, after a surgeon's treatment, seem to be infallible. They can kill a cell in an early stage of disease.

With all the means at our disposal, science has not yet found a way to the cure of the body more sure, more helpful than Nature's own methods.

We have to study her processes continually, see what she seeks and what she intends; and when there has been a breakdown of the natural curative method, we can endeavour to do for Nature what she has failed to do. But the effects of X-rays on the human body, when applied to curative processes, are still largely mysterious.

LEST WE FORGET

Remembering in Word and Deed

The best league of remembrance is a league of remembering hearts true to the ideals of peace and brotherhood for which the dead laid down their lives, and much better than a monument or a stained glass window is such a league of remembering service as has been founded at No. 1, Marlborough Gate in memory of those who fell in the Great War.

The members and workers of this league commemorate and honour the heroic dead by giving their time and service to the alleviation of suffering and the welfare of the weak.

The league has its headquarters in a beautiful house which is at once a sociable club, a hostel, and a workshop; and there, in suitably equipped rooms, voluntary workers prepare, free of charge, bandages and surgical dressings for hospitals and various garments for poor children.

Hospitals and institutions supply the material, and the league provides the workers. Within three years more than two hundred and eighty thousand hospital dressings have been prepared.

Over each workroom an officer's widow presides, and everything is done in a thoroughly businesslike way.

The dead who laid down their lives to win peace for the world, and to restore a spirit of international brotherhood, could be honoured and commemorated in no better way than by such work of peaceful charity.

A JESTER STORY LONDON'S GIFT FROM A LAUGHING CANON

The Court Fool Who Founded
a Famous Hospital

EIGHT CENTURIES OF HISTORY

There is something to stir a Briton's imagination in the fact that Adelaide University has appointed Sir Joseph Verco, one of the most distinguished Australian physicians, to represent South Australia at the 800th anniversary of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He comes home as an old student of Bart's who rose to be house surgeon there.

Australia and Bart's! When Bart's was founded, white men had never heard of Australia. Sir Joseph Verco comes half-way round the world to honour an institution founded when men dared not sail out of sight of land, when a voyage was broken each night so that the crews might anchor and perhaps go ashore.

Before Magna Carta

We had no literature, no science at that time. It was 200 years too early for Chaucer, a century too soon for the appearance of Roger Bacon, with whom our higher learning dawned. And we were very Norman, with English liberties feebly struggling for re-birth, and Magna Carta almost a century away.

Bart's was an indirect product of the Norman invasion. The Conqueror was followed by shoals of needy noblemen and traders, who swarmed into England and established themselves in every profitable grade of life. The tide was not stayed when William Rufus succeeded his father. To his court came Rahere, in the train of a more exalted foreigner. Rahere was a wit and good fellow. He is represented as acting as jester at the wild, dissolute court of Rufus.

Jester Goes on Pilgrimage

As such he is a legendary figure, but he emerges in his true proportions on entering the Church and becoming a canon of old St. Paul's. Such a step was easy then, for Rufus seized archbishopric, bishopric, abbey, and manor when they fell vacant, installed his own nominees, and kept the revenues himself.

About 1120 the jester canon went on pilgrimage to Rome, fell sick of malaria, and vowed that if he recovered he would found a hospital in London for poor men. It was a way they had in that age, and he kept his word, and more.

Obtaining the necessary grant from Henry I, Rahere built St. Bartholomew's Hospital, beginning the work in 1123. He built also a great priory, of which the grand old St. Bartholomew's Church is a relic. This church, recovering from time to time parts of its fabric which have been used as factory and warehouse, is still insignificant in size compared with the original.

The Yearly Fair

Rahere was the first prior of the priory, and to secure revenues he obtained the right to hold a yearly fair. That was the famous Bartholomew Fair, which was for centuries an important trading institution. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and all the poets and dramatists, all the kings and queens, all the statesmen and warriors, all the beauties of the ages, were to be found yearly at the fair.

The fair is gone; the church is recovering; the hospital is a mother of hospitals, a nursery of great surgeons, a house of mercy through which millions of people have passed to relief from suffering.

Our kinsmen from overseas do well to return home to add their share to the common reverence for a noble institution.

CHIEF SCOUT AND AN AFRICAN CHIEF

KHAMA AS A GREAT MAN

How He Kept the Drink Curse
from His People

AT DINNER IN A COUNTRY HOUSE

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

I have been thinking much of late about an old man who has lately died, and whose story was told some months ago in the C.N. I mean Khama of Bechuanaland, a great man and a great king. He must have been the oldest king in the world and probably the oldest king who ever reigned, for he was ninety-three.

King Khama was a splendid type of native chieftain, tall, upright, thin, athletic, and with very good principles. He became a Christian under missionary instruction when he was quite a lad, and, though he never forced his tribes to be Christian, he taught them to carry out Christian principles in their lives and in their dealings with others, and he set them a splendid example himself.

A Prohibition Country

Khama insisted on Prohibition in his country, and I remember once staying at an inn there kept by white traders. When asked whether travellers could have beer or whiskey, they said it was impossible, that their chief allowed not a drop of liquor in his country, even for the white men living there.

Once a party of white men had taken the law into their own hands and brought in a supply of liquor against Khama's orders. He promptly turned out a party of his men and took the white men prisoners, destroyed their liquor, and marched them out of the country.

In his young days Khama was a great fighter in the wars with neighbouring tribes, and when I knew him he had scars of wounds all over his body.

He was also a great hunter, and once as a young man he went out alone at night and followed a lion to its lair, and the next morning he brought in with him its freshly-skinned hide.

Living with Civilised People

Some years ago Khama visited England to see what civilisation was like, and it was wonderful to see how he adapted himself to the unaccustomed conditions of living with civilised people.

He was a great friend of my brother, and I remember him coming to the house and playing with the children in a charming manner, and sitting down to dinner as if he had been brought up to it all his life. The only trifling mistake he made was that, when finger bowls were placed on the table at the end of dinner, he naturally thought that they were glasses of water to drink, and promptly drank his down instead of using it for washing his fingers.

Khama was a fine Christian man, and a splendid type of real scout, a man who lived a clean and healthy life, brave and determined—determined to do right.

He was a man who did much for his people, though little for himself.

A POOR BOY'S WAY

Victory by Education

Here is an instance of clear, swift victory by education.

A quite poor boy but bright, who won a scholarship at Christchurch and then joined the army, began the study of medicine after the war.

Now he has qualified as a doctor, and has taken, in Leicestershire, the practice of the friendly doctor who helped him to continue his studies.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A schoolgirl was seen merrily skipping her way up Ludgate Hill the other day.

£100,000 has been spent in a lawsuit that was started in 1918, and is still going on.

A chemist's shop in a motor-van is to start travelling round Ilford and the neighbouring villages.

A photograph of President Harding has been sent from Washington to Philadelphia by wireless.

A Small Piano for Small Homes

A piano only three feet wide is being put on the market by an English firm for use in small houses.

Concert Sent 9500 Miles

A concert broadcasted by wireless from New York has been heard in New Zealand, 9500 miles away.

£40,000,000 Worth of Damage

Claims for compensation made by people who have suffered heavy losses in Ireland now amount to £40,000,000.

Tubes for Tokio

Among the cities that have recently decided to build underground railways are Sydney, Melbourne, Buenos Aires, and Tokio.

Bird Stops the Trams

For a few hours recently the Vancouver tram service was suspended owing to a bird flying between some high tension wires.

An Old Recipe

On deciphering some difficult Etruscan writings hitherto untranslated, one of them proved to be a recipe for a wedding-cake.

Mexico and Prohibition

The Government of Mexico has taken what is generally supposed to be the first step toward closing all saloons and prohibiting alcohol.

Canada's Motors

Canada is fast becoming a large manufacturer and exporter of motor cars. Over half a million pounds' worth were exported in one month.

Florence Nightingale

An old man who has just died at Redruth, in Cornwall, remembered Florence Nightingale going through the sick wards in the Crimean War.

Egyptian Carpenter's Tool-box

The greatest authority on Egypt, Professor Flinders Petrie, says the Egyptians 3500 years ago had practically every tool used by modern carpenters.

Cow in a China Shop

A cow walked into a china shop at Tonbridge, picked its way carefully through the crockery, and went out by the back door without doing any damage.

A Precious Trainload

A train has just crossed America with a cargo valued at over a million pounds. Its load was 14 cars of silk, and it went from Seattle to New York in 100 hours.

Two on an Island

A recent census in the Orkneys shows that the little island of Holm has only two inhabitants, a man and his wife. Hunda Island has three people, and Copinshay seven.

Benjamin Harrison Memorial

Readers who would like to subscribe to the memorial to Benjamin Harrison, the famous village geologist, may now send donations to Mr. Crawshaw, Rosefield, Sevenoaks.

80 Years After

Among the spectators who have been watching the progress of the Cambridge Boat Race crew is General Sir George Higginson, who is 97, and rowed at Eton 80 years ago.

Curious Names in Court

Among the litigants in a London County Court on one day recently were a number of people with curious names, including Wool, Sugar, Farthing, Pressman, Bride, Rod, Crystal, and Polly.

Typewriter Weighing an Ounce

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science a typewriter was shown weighing only an ounce and small enough for the waistcoat pocket. Its inventor is quite expert in its use.

THE MOUNTAIN OF IRON

MARVELLOUS PROGRESS
OF SIXTY YEARS

Producing 77,000,000 Tons in
Twelve Months

AMERICA LEADS THE WORLD

By Our Industrial Correspondent

It was not until men discovered how to make iron in mountains instead of in dribbles that the world made any considerable progress in the industrial arts.

It is a thing hardly realised, but even if all the machines we now know had been invented in the time of Charles Stuart, or even of George the First, the inventions would not have been of much use to the world, because there was hardly any iron to make them with.

The world in rather more than a century has had its surface scraped and carved and cut by iron, the greatest tool material known to man. It is very truly an Iron Age. More than that, it is almost true to say that, although in 1750 coal began to be used for smelting iron, it is only of quite recent years that the world has produced any great amount of iron.

Eclipsing All Records

The entire production of iron by all the nations of the world was in 1800 about 400,000 tons. Two generations later, in 1862, it had risen to 7,500,000 tons. After that, there was more rapid progress, and a generation later, in 1895, it had risen to 29,000,000 tons.

Then iron progress leapt forward, and in 1913 the world produced nearly 77,000,000 tons.

When the war broke out, that is, the world as a whole was producing more than ten times as much iron as in 1862. What wonderful progress, for 1862 is barely 61 years ago! Millions of people now alive remember well the days when there was very little iron.

When we remember what a tiny space 60 years is in our history, we realise that it was only at the beginning of the twentieth century that the world as a whole began to make any great use of its stores of iron. The industrial progress of the world between 1900 and 1913 eclipsed all former records.

Chief Iron Countries

Then came the terrible disaster of the war. It was as if sand had been poured into the machinery of the world. The war itself called for, consumed, and wasted mountains of iron and steel, and then came collapse.

This is what the war did for the world's iron output. In 1913 the world produced 77,000,000 tons of iron; in 1920 it produced only 59,000,000 tons; in 1921 the world output actually fell to 35,000,000 tons.

Fortunately, 1922 showed some improvement. Last year the world produced nearly 50,000,000 tons of iron. While that is better, we see how much the iron world has to do to recover from the ravages of war.

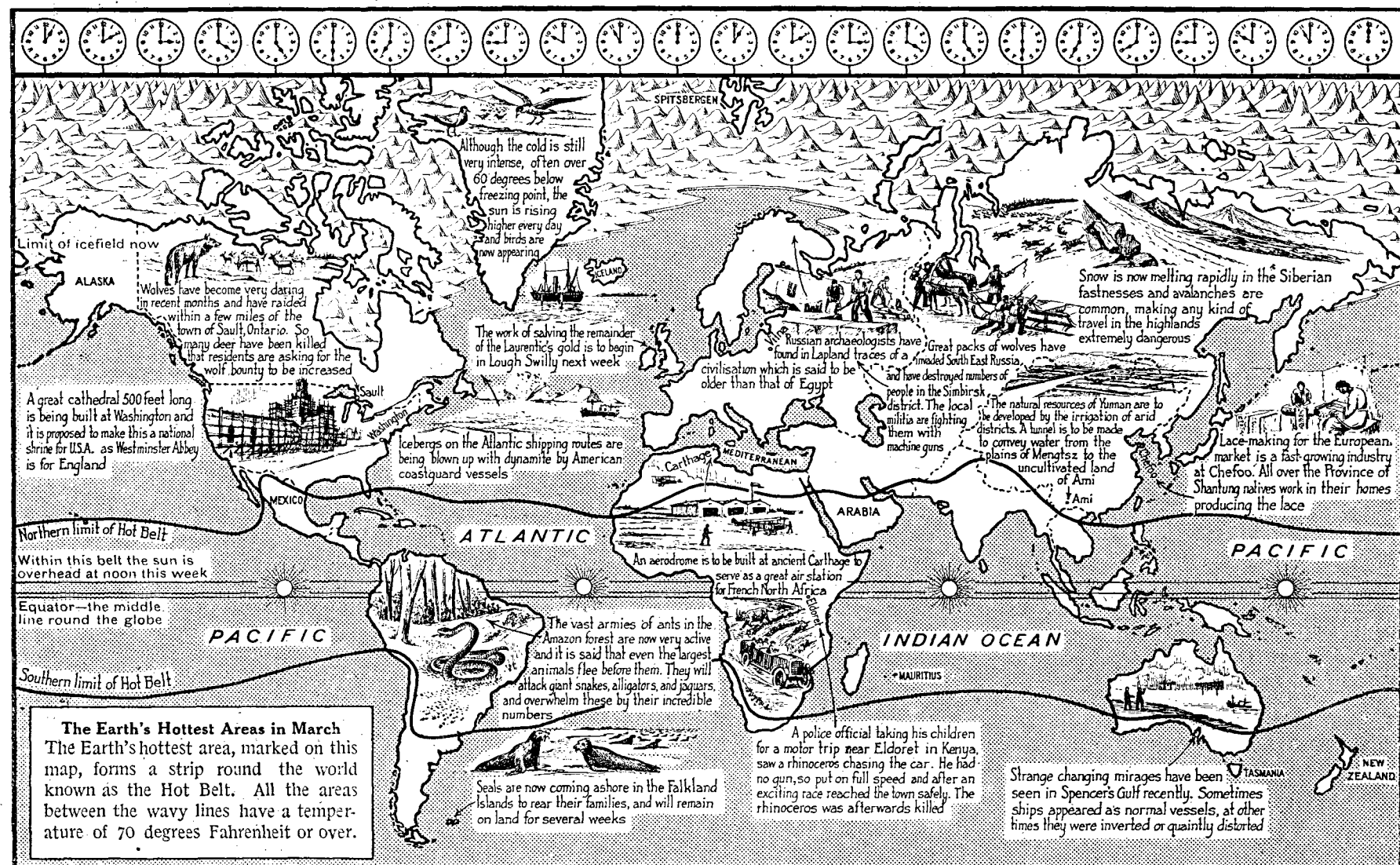
Now let us see which are the chief iron countries. Here is a list which shows us which are the kings of the iron world:

COUNTRY	1913 Tons	1922 Tons
United States ..	30,600,000	26,500,000
Germany ..	19,000,000	6,500,000
France ..	5,126,000	4,900,000
Britain ..	10,260,000	4,865,000
Belgium ..	2,428,000	1,560,000
Russia ..	4,484,000	125,000
All other Nations	5,102,000	5,550,000

All the World.. 77,000,000 50,000,000

The world's iron is chiefly produced by four countries, America, Germany, France, and Britain. America had a tremendous lead before the war, but now she is very easily first in the race. Germany has fallen through the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the splendid iron of which has passed back to France. France has consequently now the chance to become the second iron producer.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WILD LIFE ALL OVER THE WORLD



DROWNED CITY Doom of the Last Tower PALACE, SCHOOL, AND HOUSES BENEATH THE SEA

Like a monument there stands on the Suffolk coast a solitary church tower, the last remnant of the old city of Dunwich.

Dating from Anglo-Saxon times, Dunwich was once the capital of the Kingdom of East Anglia, and had a bishopric, a palace, and a school which was the seed of Cambridge University. But bit by bit, church by church, sometimes indeed in whole streets, the city was devoured by the sea, and now all that remains of it is this one church tower.

This last lonely tower is now threatened. The recent gales have torn away still more of the coast, and the tower seems tottering to its fall. If nothing can be done to save it it is doomed to speedy destruction.

It has been proposed that the tower should be taken down and built up again at a safe distance from the sea, and the idea seems good, for it has historical as well as sentimental value considered as a memorial stone of the ancient city.

A SORT OF DRAKE Round the World for Fun

An Englishman, Muhlhauser by name, who gained experience of the sea during the war, has sought more experience by going round the world in an old 28-ton yawl.

He is now on his way home from Ceylon by way of the Red Sea.

Starting from Plymouth on September 6, 1920, with two companions, he left them in the Fiji Islands, and then sailed the Pacific with a native crew. In New Zealand he found another companion, who came on with him to Colombo, and the two expect to reach England about the end of May.

Mr. Muhlhauser seems likely to do what Drake did, but in a much smaller craft than the Golden Hind.

WILL THE FACTORIES GO TO THE SEA?

Change Electricity May Bring

One of the greatest evils of our industrial system is that where coal is found factory has been crowded on factory, so that millions of people are compelled to live in smoke and grime.

Lancashire is a good case in point. The great towns have grown up haphazard round the sources of power for the cotton mills, and many of them are dingy and drab in the extreme.

Experts are now predicting that within 50 years the use of electricity in the cotton industry will have developed to such an extent that power will everywhere be obtained from electric cables.

Thus cotton mills will be able to exist long distances from their sources of power and to move out of smoky cities to the country and the coast.

One authority has suggested that we may live to see whole cotton towns go to the seaside; but most of us would regret a change like that.

C.N. BOY AND C.N. MONTHLY

A Boy Artist's Success

Our congratulations are offered to Hubert Williams, who has done some additional drawings for a new edition of Messrs. Macmillan's excellent *Highways and Byways* in Kent.

The drawings in the earlier editions were by the admirable black-and-white artist Hugh Thomson, whose work, of course, is retained. Hubert Williams is not yet 18, and to be brought at that age into association with Hugh Thomson's work is a high compliment.

Our interest in Hubert Williams's promising career is stimulated by the fact that in 1920, as a C.N. boy, he won the £100 offered by My Magazine for the best colouring of its cover, and he wisely used the money for the further development of his artistic promise by attending art classes at the L.C.C. Central Arts and Crafts School.

CURIOUS LOAD ON THE RAILWAY

Moving a Fifty-Thousand- Gallon Tank

Engineers all the world over are a resourceful class, and Canadian engineers are no exception.

Recently a huge 50,000-gallon all-steel water tank had to be moved from one point in Eastern Canada to a station forty miles away. It was first arranged to dismantle the structure, ship the parts, and then assemble them again.

This method, however, would have meant a great deal of expense, and one of the engineers conceived the daring idea of moving the tank as it stood.

The railwaymen set to work and built a temporary track right up to the tank from both directions. The immense structure was then raised a few feet by means of powerful jacks, and the track linked up under it. The tank was then raised higher and higher, until a flat car could be pushed under it. The flat car had an enlarged, reinforced deck, and the tank was gradually lowered on to it, braced firmly, and this strange carload was hauled slowly to its destination, where it was unloaded. *Picture on page one*

THROUGH MALVERN'S HILLS

A New Tunnel

A new tunnel, nearly a mile long and costing about £1,000,000, is to be built by the Great Western Railway through the Malvern Hills in Worcestershire.

One tunnel already exists through the Malvern Hills, but it is old and low and narrow. Though the new tunnel, like the old one, will be only for a single line, it will be wider and higher and very much better ventilated.

When the old tunnel was built rock-boring was still in its infancy. Modern drills had not been invented, and bar and hammer were used to cut into the rock for blasting. The powder was even exploded by touch-paper.

THE COMING CRICKET SEASON

England's Increasing Confidence EFFECT OF THE TEST MATCH VICTORY

As the football season ebbs our thoughts turn naturally toward the cricket prospects in the coming season. Anticipation has been specially stirred by the success of the British team under Mr. F. T. Mann in South Africa in winning the Test Match rubber of finished games. Not since before the war had England won a Test Match series of games.

The South African struggle will long be remembered for the feat of Russell, the Essex batsman, in scoring 140 and 111, thus being the first Englishman who has ever scored two separate hundreds in a Test Match. The only other cricketer who has performed this feat is Warren Bardsley, who scored 136 and 130 for Australia at the Oval Test Match in 1909. Bardsley is now in England, and is expected this year to be playing with a Yorkshire club.

The victory in South Africa was not due in any sense to weakness in the South African teams. The Union men played up finely throughout, and their captain, H. Taylor, covered himself with glory by a final innings of 102 and a Test Match average of 64.

The general effect of the South African tour, under Mr. Mann's breezy captaincy, has been one of encouragement. His team, a strong batting combination, justified itself, and has strengthened the feeling growing throughout the last cricket season that English cricket, which had naturally flagged after the war, is reviving in both skill and confidence, and will ere long regain the laurels it has temporarily surrendered.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 24 1923

The Two Ways

THERE are two lines in a popular song which make it clear that a certain character is most disagreeable; but it is not

exactly what he says,
But the nasty way he says it!

The words are worth remembering. Speech consists of two things—the actual words and the way they are said. There are the words, but with them go the smiles or the frowns, the sweet tone or the surly manner of the speaker.

Till we know how a thing is said we cannot tell what its effect will be. That is why we can never know a great speaker from his written words. Neither can we know him if, in reading his words, we imagine him as speaking with less kindliness of manner than he really spoke.

A lie is always a vulgar thing; but when we have made up our minds always to speak the truth the battle is not over; we have still to learn the right way of putting it. The greatest book in the world tells us "to speak the truth in love," which means that we should be careful, in speaking the truth, to be thinking all the time of the one who is listening.

The captain of the school football team has to tell one of his men that he is not playing as well as he might; in fact, he has grown decidedly slack. It is not a pleasant thing to say. The captain may go to him with a sneer, or in a towering rage, or at a time when everybody is within hearing; his words may cut like knives, and leave the slacker his enemy for life, and more a slacker than ever. "It's the nasty way he says it!"

Or the captain may choose his time, and ask the slack forward to have a chat in his study. He will tell him all that is good about him, and then, with a smile, get him to see what is wrong, to feel ashamed of himself, and to leave him as keen as possible to have another chance. That is 'the way to get the best out of him. "It's the jolly way he says it!"

What is the difference between the two ways? The right way to speak the truth is to speak it in love, which means that the speaker is not thinking about himself but about the other. The wrong way is to speak it like a prig who thinks himself so much better than the other, and does not care whether his words help the other or not. The right way goes with a smile; the wrong way with a sneer.

As we move through life, if we are honest, we shall have to say things sometimes which are true but hard; at such times we shall do well not to be prigs, and not to be thinking about ourselves at all. It is astonishing what a difference this will make. Try it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Skylark in a Cage

Evil is wrought for want of thought
As well as want of heart,

WE know, but how is it possible for anybody to be so wanting in thought as to put a skylark in a cage?

Can anyone who would do it have ever seen or heard a skylark mounting up and up and up, trilling with joy as he rises higher and higher? Then to batten him down in a little cage!

Yet it is done. The Duchess of Portland mentioned the other day that the Duke of Rutland, seeing caged skylarks for sale, had bought 800 of them and set them free.

A truly noble example! But what can we think of the people who trap and imprison this glorious bird that finds its joy in lofty flight? And what can we think of the people who buy it and gloat on its captivity?

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage,
wrote William Blake. How much more the skylark in a cage!

Keeping Food Clean

It is good to read, even if we have not ourselves yet come across it, of a new practice of delivering bread wrapped up in paper envelopes, which keep it clean from oven to breakfast table.

We hope the practice will spread, and we hope for more than that. There is great lack of cleanliness in handling all sorts of food, especially milk, meat, and vegetables.

It is not very pleasant to see the kind of cart used to carry meat, with dirty-clothed drivers sitting on the carcasses. It is not good to see the confusion of Covent Garden, with its crowded ways full of withering vegetables, in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, animals, and vehicles.

It is really astonishing that at our time of day such methods should survive. They are not only unhealthy but very dear, for nothing is so costly as disorder. The reward of good arrangements and thorough cleanliness is a real and lasting cheapness.

These Little Ones

MOST of us are tired of hearing of Mesopotamia, and most of us are tired of paying taxes for it.

But who could help being moved by these few words that fell the other day from the lips of the War Minister of King Feisal's Government, who was over in London? "We lose half our children under fourteen," he said, "from smallpox, cholera, and typhoid."

Mesopotamia may be expensive, but if the Flag can help to save these little ones it will be a glorious consolation.

Tip-Cat

LORD LEVERHULME declares he is in love with soap. His earliest ambition was to be called to the bar.

A MOTORIST has been fined for exceeding the speed limit at Crawley. A creepy place.

SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR feels that it must be a terrible thing to possess a million. Really a sort of capital punishment.

WE have just heard of a man so rich that he gets his ties made to measure.

GERMANY is still denying that she caused the war. It must have had a self-starter.

THE man who plays at golf is worth more to his employer than the man who does not. But so few employ a man to play at golf.

THE judge who inquired What is a jumper? might have guessed that it is something that goes over.

It is announced that aeroplanes will come down in price. Otherwise they will still go up.

THE Kaiser says he only wants to hide. We are quite ready to give him a good hiding.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
Why is Tooting
Common?



The Warning that all the World Needs

Our Shop

By Our Country Girl

IN one of the Yorkshire dales, so remote that its men must cut their own hair and its women must bake their own bread or go without it, there is a general shop known as Higgses. When anything is wanted you ask if Higgses keeplit, and if not you giveit up.

No one ever feels that a journey to the shop has been quite in vain, for we all love and honour Mrs. Higgs, a very fat lady whose conversation is excellent, and who replies to inquiries about her health: "My dear, I feel like the Morning Star!"

Only once has Higgses been treated less respectfully than great institutions deserve, and then it was by foreigners.

The three youths who came in one summer's day had probably been brought to the dales from some monster town by motor-coach. They sniggered a great deal at the hams and hearth-brushes hanging from the ceiling, at the jams and headache powders on the counter, and the rolls of flannel and linoleum standing on end in the corner. Then one of them said:

"You seem to have everything here!"

"I have," said Mrs. Higgs, shortly, "from an elephant to a needle!"

"I'll take the elephant!" said the smart young man.

Mrs. Higgs went upstairs to a room where she keeps her Christmas stock. Returning, she banged a large toy elephant down on the counter, and said:

"Here you are: twelve and six!"

"Oh—ah!" stammered the youth.

"I wasn't serious."

"But I was," returned Mrs. Higgs grimly. When Mrs. Higgs is grim the effect is as granite.

The other young men joined in: "Go on, Bert, you must take it."

So the unhappy jester had to pay and walk out embracing his elephant. "And, mind you," Mrs. Higgs informed us afterwards, "he hated it, for he wasn't a married feller, you know, but just a silly young chap."

So perish all who sneer at Higgses!

Let Me Today

LET me today do something that shall take A little sadness from the world's vast store,

And may I be so favoured as to make Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed Or thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend;

Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need, Or sin by silence where I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth, Let me give something that shall aid my kind:

A word of courage or a thought of health Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span

"Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,

"Because of some good act to beast or man

The world is better that I lived to-day."

March 24, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

7

GOOD NEWS RUNS THROUGH SPACE ON THE TRACK OF A MICROBE

Destroyer of More Lives in Two Years Than the War in Four

MAKER OF INFLUENZA

There was sent out by wireless in New York the other night, on the broadcasting programme of the famous electrical works of Schenectady, the news that the scientists of the Rockefeller Institute had discovered an enemy of mankind which has caused more deaths in two years than the war caused in four. It is the microbe of influenza.

It has many times been said that this microbe has been found. Till the influenza plague of 1918 most doctors believed in the guilt of the bacillus found in 1892 by Koch's assistant, Dr. Pfeiffer, commonly known as Pfeiffer's bacillus—a tiny, rod-shaped microbe, very difficult to cultivate or to see. It is certainly present in almost all cases of influenza.

The Influenza Germ

In spite of its association with the disease, however, many doctors did not believe that it was the real cause of the disease, and after the great epidemic several English investigators claimed that the real cause was some microbe so minute that it could pass through filters too small for most bacteria to pass through. But the proofs of this theory were not conclusive, and it did not gain much acceptance.

For the last two years, however, Dr. P. K. Olitsky and Dr. F. L. Gates, of the Rockefeller Institute, have been making researches on the same lines, and they now claim that influenza is really due to a filter-passing germ which they have been able to cultivate. This germ they have called the *Bacillus pneumosintes*, from two Greek words meaning something that injures the lungs.

A Terrible Scourge

Now Dr. Simon Flexner, the distinguished director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, has dramatically broadcast by wireless the news that the influenza germ has been found. Such news is certainly worth broadcasting, for influenza is a scourge that afflicts the whole world, and actually slew, in the epidemic of 1918 and 1919, more people than perished in the Great War.

Even now we must not be too sanguine, perhaps, for even if the *Bacillus pneumosintes* does prove to be the "million-murdering" germ, it is one thing to discover it and another thing to circumvent and conquer it. But at least we can hope that, with its identity established, we shall not be long in mastering this little enemy of mankind. Good news, indeed, was this announcement running through the ether.

A MAN OF NOVA SCOTIA Record in Prime Ministers

An interesting Prime Minister record has been established in the British Empire.

The Hon. George H. Murray, who has just resigned the Premiership of the Province of Nova Scotia, has held that high office for nearly 27 years—a record equalled by no other Premier in the British dominions.

Such a long tenure of office is a remarkable tribute to the Premier's sterling character, for during all these years he must have enjoyed the respect and confidence of the whole province. All parties, indeed, agree that his administration has been honest and beneficent.

It is remarkable to know that Mr. Murray began his political career by three successive defeats when he stood as candidate for the Canadian Parliament. He has ended in victory.

A KING'S WHITE HORSE

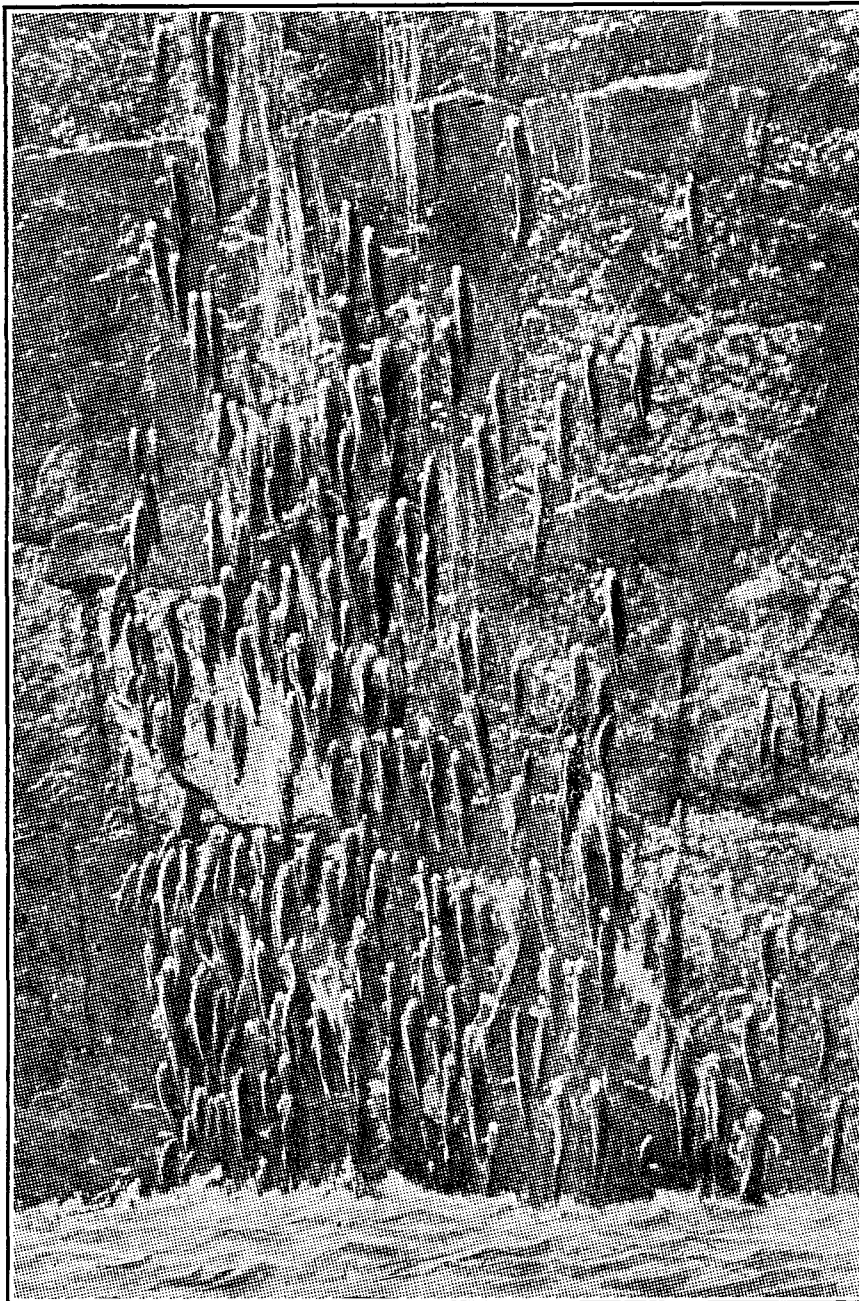
ONE is always glad to hear of any recognition of the bond between men and faithful animals that have served them well. A happy instance has occurred in Hungary.

It seems a rule that on State occasions kings on horseback should ride a white steed. Napoleon, in pictures, holds the eye by the whiteness of his charger. The writer will always think of the last murdered Tsar of Russia, pale with apprehension, on the white horse he rode when he entered Moscow on the way to his coronation, or of the Kaiser riding his white horse through the streets of London.

When Karl, the last Austrian emperor and king of Hungary, rode to his coronation at Budapest in 1917, it was a perfectly trained white mare that he bestrode amid the cheering populace.

Aged, and no longer fit for service, this docile animal, after final appearances on the stage of the Vienna Opera, has recently been condemned for slaughter at the butcher's hands. But, moved by appeals from animal lovers, the Hungarian Government has happily intervened, and now the late king's white steed is to spend her last years as the guest of the nation in whose history she played her part.

THE FISHES GO FOR A WALK



A wonderful photograph of the climbing fish of India leaving the Jumna Canal at Tajawalla to make their way across the land to the Jumna River. They possess a peculiar cavity which, when they start their travels, is filled with water, and they can live out of the water for five or six days

SLAUGHTERING OUR WILD CATS

CAN it be that the gibe against healthy British males, "It is a fine day; let us go out and kill something!" is becoming true?

It really seems that the more some of us plead for the preservation of our decreasing wild life, the more does zest for slaughter break out in other directions. The attack is now upon the wild cats of the Highlands. Nine of these rare creatures have been killed in one little corner of Scotland during the past few weeks. The slaughter took place in Ross-shire, three on the wild Fearn Moors, Ardgay, two in the recesses of Alladale Forest, and so on.

This is surely inexcusable. Alladale, for example, is a forest of 40,000 acres

given over to deer. It is sporting ground, where the wild cat should be free.

The persecution of the wild cat is lamentable, for this animal is the only wild survivor of the tiger tribe that we possess in Britain. It is fierce and intractable, but quite harmless unless molested. It answers to the Frenchman's description of an animal to be feared: "This animal is dangerous; when attacked it defends itself."

Allowed to go its own way it is harmless and inoffensive, and it was the boast of naturalists up to a few years ago that under protection its numbers were increasing. But its fortunes have taken a new ill turn, and once more the right to live is denied it.

LINKS WITH ATTILA HUNGARY CLAIMS HIS TREASURE

Romantic Story of an Ancient Tyrant

THE UNCONSCIOUS CREATOR OF VENICE

The past, being dead, yet speaks. From the Valley of the Kings, from Ur, from Central Europe, tales of bygone days start into being.

Three years ago the C.N. noted the story of the discovery in Hungary of a huge stone coffin, which antiquarians believed to contain the remains of the King of the Huns, Attila. Nothing more has been heard of the matter, and so we must conclude that the report is not confirmed.

But the story is strangely recalled by the action of the Hungarian Parliament, which has just claimed from the Austrian Government a rich assortment of golden spoil known as Attila's treasure, and also called the golden treasure of Nagy-Szent-Miklos. It consists of golden cups, tankards, goblets, anointing pots, a superb trumpet-like horn of gold, all inscribed with Greek letters and runic characters and ornamented with rarely chased figures.

A Peasant's Find

Since 1799 the treasure has lain in the royal museum at Vienna, where it was placed by the Emperor Francis I, who, it is said, gave its weight in golden coins to a peasant who stumbled upon the hoard when digging in the soil at the place named in connection with the coffin. Attila is alleged to have looted it from Byzantium, the city upon whose site Constantinople afterwards rose.

The Hungarian Government apparently attaches truth to the rumour, and claims the booty as the property of the first King of the Huns, remembering that their land was the headquarters of the invading people of that name. Those barbarous warriors conquered Germany, laid waste the proud Roman Empire, imposed their will on the Franks and Burgundians, and penetrated across the Caucasus into Persia. The fairest countries of Asia and Europe passed into the possession of these squat, flat-headed fighters, and lands in which art had piled monument on monument for ages lay prostrate before them.

Building Up Real Wealth

But there is a Providence which brings good even out of evil. After Attila had sacked Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Bergamo, and reduced the plains of Lombardy to desert conditions, the surveyors fled in all directions—some to the Alps, some to the Apennines, and some to take refuge on desolate islands of the Adriatic near the mouth of the River Brenta.

These last few fugitives built themselves homes in their island refuge, and founded Venice. They retired from fair homes before the sword of a tyrant, and established what was to be one of the loveliest cities on Earth. From that city grew up one of the wealthiest of republics, with ships sailing seas that the Huns knew not of, and creating a wealth in the exchange of commerce between East and West compared with which the gains of Attila and all his pillaging hordes were as nothing.

Venice stands, Attila is lost, but his stolen treasure remains to be quarrelled over today, nearly 1500 years after his unlamented death.

AN INSECT SENDS UP THE MARKET PRICE

Owing to the enormous demand in America for arsenic with which to fight the cotton boll weevil the supply has run short, and the price has risen so much as to make it almost prohibitive to the cotton-growers.

USE THE CANALS OUR SPLENDID NETWORK OF INLAND WATERWAYS

Duke Who Became Poor to
Make England Rich

HOW THE RAILWAYS HINDERED PROGRESS

Would it not be wise, as one way of helping to find work for the unemployed, to put the canal system of England in good working order?

The Government Committee which lately looked into the question of inland waterways declared that "we are convinced that certain important waterways, were they given a fair chance and put under unified and competent management, would be capable of playing a very important part in the transport of the country."

The canal system of Great Britain is one of its glories, and at the same time one of its shames. Up to the middle of the 18th century the country had very little chance of developing because there was no proper means of transport.

A Maker of England's Greatness

The roads were quagmires for a great part of the year; wagons were often stuck in ruts for weeks together, and almost everything had to travel slowly by pack horse at great expense.

Then came the famous Duke of Bridgewater, a young nobleman who had been given up in childhood as too delicate to live. It is doubtful if any other single individual ever gave such an impetus to the growth of England's trade and commerce and industry as this remarkable man.

He began by making a canal to carry coal from his own collieries to Manchester, and this proved such a success that he projected others, and carried them out at his own expense. They cost him hundreds of thousands of pounds, and to find the money for this fine national work, worthy of a great prince rather than a subject, he reduced his personal expenses to £400 a year.

Opponents of Progress

The work was carried out in the face of the fiercest opposition.

As usual in such cases there were those who invoked patriotism to prevent the Duke's great advance. By providing a new form of transport the breed of packhorses would suffer, and the Army would be unable to mount its cavalry, some said; while others declared that by reason of its cheapness inland navigation would diminish the coasting trade and discourage the training of seamen for the Navy.

It was true that under the old system towns were often cut off for weeks from supplies of food and coal, and lived at such times like beleaguered cities; but the canals, by bringing regular supplies more quickly would injure the business of those who transported goods by road, and therefore they should be forbidden.

Fine Network of Canals

The Duke, however, persisted, and with the aid of James Brindley, the great engineer, made his canals and set England on a path of prosperity that was continued by the railways, and the benefits of which we enjoy today.

Many other canals were cut, till England had a network of waterways which was the admiration of the world.

Unfortunately the canals came under the control of the railway companies, which deliberately curtailed their usefulness and in some cases almost allowed them to fall into ruin.

But now the Committee on Inland Waterways suggests that the control and opposition of the railways should be curbed, the waterways arranged in seven groups under proper management, and the whole canal system once again made a source of wealth and comfort to the people.

BRIGHTENING UP A SCHOOL

A Doctor's Call and What
Came of It

OTHER MEN PLEASE COPY

We do not often give letters in the C.N., but here is one that we think must be given, because of its spirit of intense sympathy and its appeal for a right feeling toward schools. It is from a Devonshire teacher.

Dear Editor, Do you know that it is possible to have a real fairy godfather?

Our school is one of the happiest in England because it possesses one. Grown-ups only see him as a sedate and learned doctor, but the children know better than that.

Five or six years ago this doctor, walking with friends in a country lane, met some of our schoolgirls and questioned them as to the trees and flowers surrounding them. Pleased with their knowledge, he visited the school.

Three Good Gifts

It was an unprepossessing building in a mean street. The teachers call it The Workhouse.

His holiday ended, the doctor returned to his home several hundred miles away. The memory of the children went with him, and soon a letter reached them asking: "What can I do to assist?"

"I give you the choice of satisfying the body, soul, or spirit," replied the mistress. "For the body we should like a football, as we possess no games' apparatus; for the soul we should like as many parts as you care to send of the Children's Encyclopedia; for the spirit we should like a beautiful picture."

In time all these gifts were supplied to the delighted and astonished children. Oh, what letters of joy reached the fairy godfather! In reply he wrote:

"My dear children, Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It actually consists in giving and in serving others. If you receive any pleasure from my gifts remember to pass it on."

Modern Sir Galahad

One by one beautiful pictures were chosen to beautify the walls; coloured flower-pots and plants added grace to the windows; tablecloths covered the unsightly boards, and a library added happiness after school hours.

Visitors began to notice the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the girls under this new régime of better conditions and uplifting influence.

The Government inspectors have highly praised our school, and have begged our headmistress to tell others what wonderful, uplifting results have been attained principally through the efforts of a very busy man.

Surely there are other men of modern days who, like Sir Galahad, seek the Holy Grail. To them we pass the message given to the world by Russell Lowell.

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three: Himself, his hungering neighbours, and Me.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Minton Sèvres service . . .	£735
Pair of Chinese porcelain figures .	£682
Pair of Flemish tapestries . . .	£550
A 17th-century Brescian gun . . .	£170
A Brescian wheel-lock pistol . . .	£160
A pair of Chinese dishes . . .	£157
First edition of Swinburne's poems	£15

A MENACE TO CIVILISATION

The Drug Peril

PROMPT ACTION CALLED FOR

For every benefit of civilisation there is a danger. As soon as human beings are made safe from external perils to life, a large number of them create fresh perils themselves.

Those who have no object in existence save to get out of it as much excitement and thoughtless pleasure as they can find their nerves giving way under the unnatural strain, and fly to drugs as a refuge from their disordered system. How widely the taking of cocaine and morphine are practised is unknown to most people. There is an under-world beneath the surface of everyday life which we all see, and here it is that drug-taking is a regular habit.

It is known how much cocaine is required for surgical and medical uses; it is known, too, how much is actually produced. The production is far greater than the amount legitimately employed for the relief of suffering.

The same thing is true of opium, for, although ten tons a year will supply all the world's medical needs, 1200 tons are grown.

A Substitute for Cocaine

The drug evil is said to have reached the gravest proportions in China. During 1919, says Mr. Basil Mathews in a pamphlet he has written for the League of Nations-Union, enough morphine was smuggled into China to give three injections to every man, woman, and child in that huge empire of 400 millions.

Nothing can check the illegal traffic in these drugs but international control, and the League of Nations Health Commission, with German and Russian delegates cooperating, has been dealing with the matter. An American representative is to be appointed on this Commission.

The League's Opium Commission has also been inquiring into the whole question of opium, and as the United States proposes to call an international conference to check the traffic we may hope that something really effective will soon be done—especially as it is announced that a substitute for cocaine has now been discovered. The substitute is called butyn, and it is said to be quite effective.

HUNTING WILD PIGS

An Exciting Fight in
Queensland

Hunting wild pigs is an adventure which requires great courage.

In the great untrodden scrubs and lonely plains in the far north of Queensland, the wild pig, shapely, healthy and fat, exists in vast numbers. His heavy hide and fat make him immune from snake bites, and he has no hesitation in devouring any snake he encounters.

A fine boar was once discovered with the tail end of a big carpet snake writhing and coiling round his forefeet and shoulders, while the boar was calmly chewing and swallowing at the other. Probably the boar caught the reptile napping, as it is most unlikely that the carpet snake, which kills by constriction, would have attacked so powerful an animal. A boar has never been known to attack a man, unless there are dogs with him; then he will charge the dog, and it is a wise plan for the man to look for a tree.

Not long ago a man walking along with a dog encountered a mob of pigs, which charged the dog, who then retreated on his master. The man leaped on a high rock to avoid the onslaught, and the dog was caught and terribly gashed. The man, infuriated at the sight, jumped down among the pigs, and, being a powerful fellow, he killed seven pigs with his knife before the others took to flight.

LOST TREASURE MINES

POSSIBILITY OF FINDING
THEM

Page from the History of Old
Panama

6000 TONS OF GOLD

Will the lost gold mines of Panama be found and opened once more, and streams of gold pour out from them as they did in the old days of the Spanish dominion?

This is a possibility now that the United States is so vitally interested in Panama.

In two centuries and a half the Spaniards brought to Europe from America about £1200,000,000 worth of gold; and of this about £20,000,000 is said to have come from one or two mines in the Isthmus of Panama. One mine alone produced nine-tenths of Panama's gold output, but in the troublous times of last century the mines ceased to be worked; some of them became flooded, and the fast growing vegetation so obliterated them that their very sites were forgotten.

Mine in a Dense Forest

The best mine is in one of the densest forests in America, and was formerly reached by boat up the Tingra River on the Pacific slope, and then by mule train. The dense forest, however, has always been a handicap to mining there despite the richness of the vein, and if the accounts handed down in the family that owns the mine are true the vein is still far from being exhausted.

To put the mine in working order once again would cost a great deal of money and call for much enterprise. Levels would have to be drained, machinery installed, and the forest cut back. But, on the other hand, with a regular aeroplane service there would be little difficulty in getting the gold away. All the toil and risk of carrying it by mule through the forest would be avoided.

Where Columbus Landed

Another celebrated mine was situated near the place where Columbus first set foot on the mainland of Central America. The very site has been lost, and even the trails to it became obliterated. This may seem strange, but it must be remembered that in these tropical areas the luxuriant vegetation can almost be seen to grow, so rapidly does it develop. If a path is cleared it is grown over again in a day or two.

The trails to this mine were completely lost till a year or two ago when a worker on the Panama Railway discovered them by chance, but the old mine has not yet been found.

There are other mines, some of which are known only by tradition, and there is a serious suggestion that the mines should be found and restarted.

Survey from the Air

Already a group of American and Panamanian financiers have organised an aeroplane expedition to survey the difficult country from the air and, if possible, locate the lost mines. Engineers will then be sent to see if they are worth reopening. The general opinion of experts is that a rich vein of gold may exist within fifty miles of the canal, this being based, not only on tradition, but on the geological character of the strata.

Some years ago an American wrote a story which he called Six Thousand Tons of Gold. In this he supposed a vast quantity of gold to have been secretly found, and when this came on the market the whole of the world's exchanges and values were upset, much as they are today through the war.

So great was the difficulty that the world's financiers at last met, and to set matters right arranged for the gold to be taken and dropped into the Atlantic.

Something like that might happen if Panama suddenly yielded a vast quantity of new gold from its old mines.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

VILNA

A CITY CLAIMED BY TWO COUNTRIES

If ever we hear people say how stupid others are in settling difficulties between nations, and how quickly they would themselves arrange matters if they had the power, we may be certain that the boasters are ignorant and wanting in judgment.

For instance, the ancient city of Vilna has been a subject of quarrel for years, and the League of Nations has had the matter in hand, but no settlement is made, and the frontier line of the countries concerned is not fixed. What feeble handling, some people exclaim.

These are the folks who are too blind to see when difficulties are real. Where is Vilna? Yes, that is the question. The Lithuanians say it is not only in Lithuania, but is the capital of Lithuania by every right—the natural centre of the country, its commercial head, its great railway junction.

Members of the League

The Poles say it should be in Poland, and they have seized and hold it. Because Poland is from eight to ten times as populous as Lithuania, according to the possible drawings of the frontier line, and as the Poles have friends who will back them up in whatever they do, possession is an important matter, perhaps unalterable except by war.

Both Poland and Lithuania are members of the League of Nations, and it may be that the League shrinks from giving a decision which it expects will be disregarded and which it has no power to enforce.

The brief facts are that historically Lithuania and Poland have been intertwined. In the fourteenth century Lithuania, not yet Christian, was, under her Grand Dukes, one of the most powerful Eastern European States, extending from the Baltic Sea to the Sea of Azov.

The Predominant Partner

Then, by marriage, her Grand Duke became King of Poland, and the two countries continued side by side, each with its own individuality, but having the same sovereign, Vilna being the Lithuanian, and Cracow the Polish capital. Gradually Russian pressure lessened Lithuania, and Poland became the predominant partner, till much later Russia absorbed Lithuania, before she absorbed Poland.

But historical readings do not settle modern problems. The big facts today are that over a considerable area, that is, what is now called Lithuania, the Lithuanian people outnumber by two to one all other races combined. They are an agricultural people in the main, living largely on a lake-strewn plain. They say they form 70 per cent. of the population, compared with about 13 per cent. of Jews, 10 per cent. of Poles, and 7 per cent. of Russians and others.

Capital of Old Lithuania

But it is admitted those are not the proportions in the city of Vilna. A commercial and manufacturing centre, with 220,000 people in it, will not be composed of the same types of people as the country regions round. The Jews are most active in business, which flows toward Poland, where they are stronger still. Where industrial and country life clash counting heads settles nothing.

It is 600 years since Vilna became the capital of old Lithuania. It lies high upon hills through which cut the two rivers Vileika and Viliya, which join in the town before swelling the waters of the River Niemen, connecting this inland region with the Baltic Sea and the lands of the south.

We can understand the Lithuanians being excited about its final national destination better than we can understand why they recently carried off captive a British officer officially engaged in the study of a peaceful settlement—an exploit for which, however, they have duly apologised.

THE CHEMIST'S FLASKS AND TUBES

Professor's Talk About Food and Fuel

WHY IT IS NECESSARY TO HELP NATURE

By a Scientific Expert

Problems on which the world will depend in years to come are being quietly studied in the chemical laboratories of Liverpool University, where famous chemists are trying to imitate in flasks and test tubes the wonderful processes that are going on all day in the leaves of plants.

While the plant has sunshine to provide the energy which is required to bring about the chemical changes, the scientist has the rays of a mercury vapour lamp and the electric spark.

Professor Heilbron has been explaining in a lecture at the Royal Institution exactly why it is necessary to make these studies to try to imitate Nature.

All the coal and all the oil we are burning today were made thousands of years ago from the energy of the Sun. Plants and trees used the Sun's rays to turn the carbon dioxide and water vapour in the air into the food on which they grew. Thus the common impurity and moisture in the atmosphere were gradually converted into the vegetation which centuries later was to reappear as coal.

Every Leaf a Laboratory

But both coal and oil are becoming used up, and a time will come when we shall have to make our fuel, and make it in days or weeks or months instead of in millions of years. We shall be largely dependent, too, on what are called synthetic, or built-up, foods, and these are now being made by Professors Heilbron and Baly at Liverpool, where waste carbonic acid gas and water are being turned into sugar.

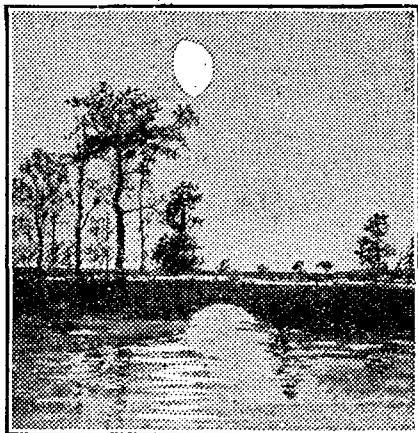
Every cell in the leaf of a plant is a tiny chemical laboratory; and Professor Heilbron explained how the manufacture of formaldehyde, sugars, and starches is carried on by the plants. They have the help of the Sun's energy, trapped by the colouring matters called chlorophyll and carotin contained in the leaves. The yellow carotin has now been discovered to play an important part in trapping the Sun's rays; without its help, chlorophyll would be unable to cope with the situation.

Using the Light

Artificial light will stimulate the combination of simple things like water and carbon dioxide to form complicated substances, and this is what we mean by photo-synthesis. The nature of the light must be carefully selected, as only certain rays will do certain things. The tiny samples of sugar shown with pride today, as the result of immense labours devoted to photo-synthesis, will one day be followed by thousands of tons of food-stuffs and motor spirit.

Such is the foresight of man that he works today on the problems of future generations, and in science there has grown up an era of preparedness which is one of the chief marks of civilisation.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 8 p.m. on March 23

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

What is a Jamboree?

This is an American slang word for a frolic, and has been adopted as the name for a jolly gathering of Boy Scouts.

What Was Anubis?

In Egyptian mythology Anubis was the son of the great god Osiris, and was represented with a jackal's head. He supervised graves and burials.

Is the Lion or the Elephant the Stronger?

The elephant. The tiger is stronger than the lion, and even the tiger is usually beaten in a fight with an elephant.

What is a Monkey Fish?

We know of no monkey fish, but there is a monk fish, more often called the angel fish, a relation of the sharks. Its scientific name is Rhina squatina.

Why is the Earth's Satellite Called the Moon?

The word comes from an old Aryan root Ma, meaning to measure, and the idea is that the Moon is the time-measurer.

Can a Fish Live With a Fish-hook Inside its Body?

Yes, fish are often found with fish-hooks inside their bodies, the record being a cod caught in May, 1893, off Flamborough Head with 59 fish-hooks in its inside.

Did King Alfred Allow the Cakes to Burn?

No, this is only a legend. Professor Freeman says it found its way into some copies of Asser's Life of Alfred from a book called Asser's Annals, which is undoubtedly a forgery.

What is Brassfounders' Ague?

A disease consisting of chill, languidness, and vomiting from which workers in brassfoundries suffer. It is not fully understood. Men soon recover from it, and milk is the best preventive. It has nothing to do with ague.

How Long Can a Whale Remain Submerged?

The Greenland whale after coming up to breathe usually goes down for 12 to 15 minutes, though it has been recorded as staying down fifty minutes after being harpooned. The sperm whale blows 60 to 65 times, and then goes down, remaining at a great depth for an hour or more.

What is the Origin of Pancakes?

It is not known definitely. Some think the eating of pancakes is a relic of the old pagan festival in honour of Fornax, the goddess of furnaces, celebrated on February 18, in order that the corn might be properly baked, while others believe the idea was borrowed from a custom in the Greek Church. In both cases flat, thin cakes were eaten.

What is the Southern Cross?

The Southern Cross is a beautiful constellation seen in the Southern Hemisphere. It consists of four stars, Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta, so placed that they form the four points of a cross. Another star, Epsilon, south of Delta, rather spoils the symmetry of the Cross. A dark patch in the constellation is nicknamed the Sack of Coals.

What Does "Called to the Bar" Mean?

Qualified students are appointed barristers by the Benchers, or Governors, of the four Inns of Court, who on Call Night sit at a table which was formerly separated from the other part of the hall by a bar. Formerly students, as they were appointed, were called up to this bar, and the expression Called to the Bar still survives. It means appointment to act as a barrister.

How Can Luminous Paint be Made for the Figures on a Watch Dial?

The figures on a watch dial are treated with a radio-active substance, such as uranium, which cannot be prepared except by an expert. A substance that will appear luminous after exposure to light is called Canton's phosphorus. It is made by ramming into a clay crucible a mixture of three parts of finely-calced oyster-shells and one part of flowers of sulphur, covering the crucible, and heating to a very high temperature in the centre of a good fire.

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT SKY

EARTH'S SATELLITE AT HER NEAREST

How the Moon Moves the Earth To and Fro

LENGTHENING THE DAY AND NIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Moon will be the queen of the night sky during next week, causing all other celestial objects to pale into insignificance. Moreover, she will be near perigee, that is at her closest to the Earth, at the end of the week.

She will then be but 220,000 miles away, and, as she will also be almost at the full, we may expect to have extra bright moonlight nights.

The Moon will appear about one-seventh larger than she did about March 19, when she was at her farthest from the Earth, and was about 249,000 miles away, so now we shall get quite one-seventh more moonlight than we should if the Full Moon had come a week ago.

The Moon Overhead

She will be very high in the sky, particularly during the earlier part of the week, when she will appear almost overhead between seven and nine o'clock in the evening. It is interesting to remember that we shall then be some 4000 miles nearer to her than seven or eight hours before or after, when she is rising or setting and appears low down near the horizon. In this time it is as if we were carried up a colossal mountain for 4000 miles, we being at the summit of our climb when the Moon is due south. We are literally carried as far as from London to Florida or India in these few hours, the great "mountain" being more than half the circumference of the Earth in our latitude. Sometimes we only get 2000 miles nearer, according to the altitude of the Moon in relation to ourselves.

This proximity of the Moon will have its effect on the Earth; spring tides will occur toward the end of the week.

Wobbling of the Earth

Many other effects of the Moon's interference with the Earth are not so obvious, but, at the same time, they are very real, for she pulls the whole Earth up bodily toward her, and this pull of the Moon very materially affects our world, its climate through the course of ages, and ultimately ourselves. It lengthens our day and night, too, but by under eight seconds in a century.

But the Moon also causes the Earth to wobble tremendously in her path through space, pulling us first to one side and then to the other once in every 27 days. When the Moon happens to be at her nearest at the same time that she is a new moon the pull is greater, for then Sun and Moon are pulling together; and when she is at her nearest and at full moon the pull is slightly less, as Sun and Moon are pulling in opposite directions.

Pulling the World Ahead

The Earth does not go straight ahead in a regular path around the Sun, but our Moon pulls it sometimes 2900 miles to one side or the other of its bee-line, so that it makes a 5800 mile wobble. Thus we are alternately nearer to or farther away from the Sun every four weeks.

When the Moon is in front of the Earth, as at last quarter, she pulls our world ahead of its normal position to the extent of nearly 3000 miles; and when she is behind us, as at first quarter, she pulls it back, retarding its progress.

The Moon, aided by the Sun, also creates another kind of wobble of the Earth; for by pulling unduly upon the protuberant equatorial regions she causes the axis upon which the world rotates to alter its tilt in relation to the heavens. In this way the Earth's pole is made to point to different stars and to perform an almost complete circle in the heavens once in 25,800 years.

G. F. M.

THREE BOYS AND A BOAT

An Exciting Adventure
in the Lonely Highlands

: : Told by
Vernon Bruce

CHAPTER 23

An Unpleasant Interview

At the Professor's words the stranger bowed politely. "I see you have a good memory for faces, sir," he said, suavely, speaking with but the slightest trace of a foreign accent. "To recognise me so soon in such a light is indeed flattering."

"Sarcastic brute!" whispered Ian to his two chums. "He's trying to score off the Professor."

The words obviously angered the Professor, who, colouring up under the guarded insult, demanded, in a voice which he vainly strove to control:

"May I inquire the cause of your presence here, sir? I hardly expected that we should have the honour of your company just now."

"And I," said Captain Bolvido, a momentary gleam of anger flashing from his eyes, "hardly expected to stumble on to what appears to be a school-treat holding a midnight outing."

"Well, what are you doing here, anyway?" burst out Freckles, indignantly.

The other regarded him in much the same way as a naturalist regards some newly-acquired insect.

"I always understood," he remarked, turning to the Professor, "that your country boasts of a proverb: Little boys should be seen and not heard. It's a pity you do not put it into practice."

The Professor beckoned to his companions to follow him.

"I do not know why we are honoured by your presence, sir," he remarked coldly to the Captain, who stood looking at the little group with an expression of barely-concealed disdain. "This interview is entirely unsolicited and undesired, and I wish you good-day"—saying which he turned abruptly on his heel and set off up the field.

"One moment!" cried Bolvido, and there was a ring in his voice which brought the Professor to a sudden halt. "You may be unaware, my good sir," he continued, "that I have travelled quite a little way—from Southampton, to be exact—with the express purpose of having a talk with you."

"In future I shall refuse to see you," snapped the Professor. "My door will be closed to you. Under no circumstances will you be admitted."

"Good for you, sir," muttered Ian.

"I must thank you for your hospitality," drawled the Captain. "But as you are apparently determined to keep me out of your house I have no other course but to discuss matters here in the open."

"Be quick then, sir," commanded the Professor, glaring angrily through his spectacles.

"By all means," replied the other. "All I have to say is this: My employers instruct me to inform you that they are prepared to offer an additional two thousand five hundred pounds for the plans of a certain invention of yours."

"If you allude to the motor-boat—" began the Professor, but Bolvido checked him with a gesture of protest.

"Really, sir," he said, with a disparaging glance at the boys, "it is hardly diplomatic to mention the nature of the invention before strangers."

"Great Aristotle!" exploded the Professor. "Who are you to come talking of diplomacy? It is a strange word to come from the lips of one who is not above thieving and housebreaking to gain his ends."

The lines round Bolvido's mouth hardened, but when he answered his voice was as calm as ever.

"It is just as you will," he answered, with a shrug. "But I still have something to add. My

instructions compel me to point out that, as the need for armed motor-boats is of the utmost urgency, I am to place a time limit of twenty-four hours on the offer."

"You need not wait twenty-four seconds for your answer," the Professor retorted. "It's a plain and simple No. And that is my last word."

"Very well," the Captain replied, making the Professor an elaborate bow. "That is your last word; mine has yet to be spoken," and, turning on his heel, he strode swiftly away in the direction of the village.

"I wonder what the fellow meant by that," said the Professor thoughtfully, a worried look in his eyes. "I do not at all like his tone."

"I wouldn't trust him an inch, if I were you, sir," Ian observed. "He's up to some low trick or other, I'll be bound."

"Anyhow," observed Freckles, "forewarned is forearmed. We know the brute means business, so we shall have to be on our guard."

"Well," remarked the Professor as they turned up the drive and the lights of the house came in sight, "it will soon be impossible for these scoundrels to gain anything further by their stay up here."

"Why, sir? What's going to happen?" cried the boys in chorus. The Professor smiled.

"Ah-ha!" he said. "I meant to keep this as a little surprise, but I may as well tell you. I have completed one or two final adjustments to the boat and intend to give her a final test on the loch tomorrow afternoon. If the trip proves successful I shall run her down to Oban and give an official demonstration with her."

"Oh, sir," cried Freckles, eagerly, "you'll take us out with you, won't you?"

"On one condition," answered the Professor.

"What's that, sir?"

"That you all hurry off to bed and get some much-needed sleep," smiled their host.

CHAPTER 24

The Final Test

THOUGH the weather was still bitterly cold the next day proved very fine and windless, the pale winter sun turning the snow-covered mountains and valleys into a picture of dazzling whiteness.

But the chums were in no mood to admire the beauties of a Highland winter. The prospect of the cruise drove all other thoughts from their heads, and the morning seemed to drag on with leaden steps, so great was their eagerness to get afloat in the wonderful motor-boat.

At last, however, the great moment arrived, and, wrapped in great-coats and mufflers, they accompanied the Professor, who was as excited as any of them, down to the boat-house.

They had kept a sharp look-out on the way down, but neither the sinister Bolvido nor his two spies were anywhere to be seen.

The Professor started the powerful engines, and, as the boat slid gently from the boat-house and glided across the calm water, he turned to the chums.

"I intend to take her about a couple of miles up the loch against the tide," he said. "If she is not giving any trouble we will turn and try an extended speed test, running against the current."

"Are the currents very powerful, sir?" inquired Ian, as the boat heeled over to the touch of her wheel and started ploughing her way slowly up the loch.

"Very strong," the Professor replied, "and very tricky, too. If a strong wind gets up, navigation becomes extremely difficult in a very short time."

"I suppose you know the tides pretty well, sir?" Rupert asked.

"Quite well," agreed the other. "But not as well as those cattle," he added, pointing across the loch to where a herd of cows was collected on the shore.

"What do you mean?" Ian cried in surprise. "How can cows know the currents?"

"Why, by swimming the loch so often, of course," laughed their host.

"Surely, sir," Rupert protested, "you don't mean to say that cows can swim across a powerful loch like this?"

"Indeed they can," the Professor replied. "And, what is more, they will land exactly where they wish to—at that little bay just past the jetty."

Even as he spoke the cows waded and struck out in a body toward the opposite shore. The boys watched their black, bobbing heads in fascination till the boat carried them out of sight.

"That's something quite new to me," admitted Ian, as the boat slid swiftly up the winding loch.

But the Professor did not hear him. He was gazing anxiously at the sky where, in the north, a bank of heavy clouds was massing behind the distant mountains.

"I don't like the look of things," he said, pointing skyward. "Unless I am much mistaken it will very soon be blowing a gale."

As if in answer to his words a sharp gust of wind came tearing down the hill-girt loch, and in a few moments the gale which he had predicted had sprung up as if by magic.

"We must get back immediately, or we may find ourselves in a nasty predicament," cried the Professor, spinning over the wheel and heading down-stream.

The waves grew more and more turbulent every moment, as the boat, with engines going all out, raced down-stream toward the boat-house over a mile away. But she was strongly built and appeared to experience little difficulty in keeping a straight course.

They were only a few hundred yards from the little island, which bore the ruins of the ancient castle of some long-forgotten chieftain, when the calamity occurred. Suddenly there was a report as loud as a pistol shot, followed by a dangerous lurch, and the steering wheel turned uselessly in the Professor's hand.

"Steering rod snapped," he gasped, hastily shutting off the engines and groping on the bottom of the boat for the emergency oars. "What are we to do?" cried Ian, as a torrent of salt spray flew over the bows. "We can't row a heavy boat like this."

The Professor disentangled an oar and thrust it through the stern rowlock before replying.



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"We must just go down-stream with the tide," he said, throwing his weight on the oar, which he used as a rudder. "I will do my best to keep the boat's bow on to the island. The strongest of you boys go and stand up in the bow with the boat-hook. When we come to the rocks do your best to get a hold on some projection. But hold on tight, or you will be swept overboard."

CHAPTER 25

The Secret in Danger

THE Professor waited until the boat was only a few yards from the island, then relinquished control of the tiller to Rupert, and, bending over the control-board of the engines, started them slow astern.

As the propeller began its work the boat's rate of progress down-stream was appreciably checked, and by the time they drew abreast of the little island it was a comparatively simple matter for Ian to fix his boat-hook into the looped roots of some sturdy Highland bush growing close to the water's edge.

The boat slowly drew alongside a line of broken rocks, and all the crew leaned over to starboard, with willing hands outstretched to prevent her from being bumped to pieces against the shore.

The Professor flung out a couple of collision mats, and in a few moments the boat was resting gently against the rock.

"What's to be done now, sir?" inquired Freckles. "It's far too rough to try to get her across the loch in her present state, isn't it?"

"That's quite out of the question," said the Professor firmly. "The only thing to do is to work her round the face of the rock till we come to a cove where we can beach her till help arrives."

They wasted no time in carrying out the Professor's suggestion; but it was slow and tiring work, and fully half an hour elapsed before the boat was safely beached.

Tired out with their exertions, the chums flung themselves down beside the boat, while the Professor leaned against a rock, filling his foul old pipe in gloomy silence.

"I must say, sir," observed Ian, "it really is bad luck that the wretched steering-gear should smash itself up on your final test."

"It might easily have been worse, though," said Rupert. "Just suppose," he continued cheerfully, "that the steering-gear had broken when the Professor was giving an official test, and the admiral, or whoever it was in the boat with him, had been shot overboard and drowned. Or if he had rammed a battleship, or—"

"Great Aristotle!" cried the exasperated Professor, who was in no mood for such prattle. "Things are bad enough as they are without driving us mad with your silly nonsense."

Ian jumped up and, grabbing the abashed Rupert by his collar, jerked him to his feet.

"Come along, my lad," he commanded. "You'll never be ornamental; you may at least be useful by trying to draw the attention of someone on the mainland."

"It looks as though we were spotted already," said Freckles. "Look! There's a motor-boat heading straight for us."

"Lend me your binoculars, sir," cried Ian excitedly.

The Professor handed them over in astonishment, and Ian focused the glasses on the on-coming boat.

The next moment he lowered them with a gasp of dismay.

"Great Scott, it's Bolvido and the whole crowd!" he cried. "They must have spotted us, and are coming over to steal the silencer on the engine!"

"Quick!" gasped the Professor, leaping forward. "I must dismantle the boat before they land." As he spoke a shot rang out and a bullet raised a spurt of shingle near his feet with a vicious phut! Bolvido was certainly leaving nothing to chance.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Poet Doctor

THE clever little son of an officer in a German duke's army was one day found, during a thunderstorm, sitting perched in a tree watching the lightning. His frightened parents reproved him, but all the child replied was that the lightning was so very beautiful that he wanted to see where it came from.

At an early age the boy showed signs of genius, and he wrote a hymn which was the first of many poems that later were to make him famous. This gift of hymn-writing led his parents to think of having him educated for the Church, and as he grew older he liked the idea and began his theological studies.

He even passed some of the necessary examinations, but the duke, who had founded a new college, suggested to his father that he should study law, and the boy became a law student.

But the drudgery was too much for him, and he soon abandoned law for medicine, which he found scarcely less irksome. However, this time he stuck to his work and qualified as a doctor. All these years he was reading the best literature and thinking hard, and at fourteen he planned a great epic poem and then wrote two or three dramas. His medical studies proved so tedious that often he would feign sickness so as to be able to remain in his room to write poetry.

After taking his degree he was made a regimental doctor, but having written a drama which was to be produced in a distant town, he left his duties secretly, and, in disguise, went to see his play acted. He was recognised and put under arrest. This made him so angry that he fled from the duke's capital, and now devoted himself seriously to the drama.

After a time he settled in another German State, and produced his best work, poems and dramas that are now among the masterpieces not only of Germany but of the world. He became Germany's greatest dramatist and one of her most popular poets. He was also made a professor of history, and wrote a great historical work.

All through the young man had very poor health, and at last the end came. He took a touching farewell of his friends, answering, in reply to an inquiry as to how he felt, "Calmer and calmer." "Many things," he said, just before he passed away, "are growing clear and plain to me at last."

His was a great and noble



spirit, and his work remains as a splendid heritage to the world. He had a real love for his fellow men, and never lost faith

in the ultimate triumph of good. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



The Merry Bells Ring to Welcome the Spring



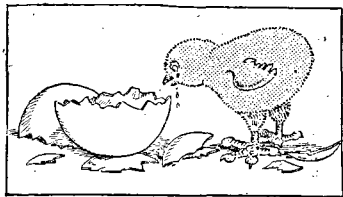
DI MERRYMAN

THE diner had already made three complaints and the waiter's patience was exhausted.

"Waiter, this is disgraceful! I find some sand on my bread."

"Exactly, sir. That is to keep the butter from slipping off."

The Chicken's Farewell to His Home



"GOOD-BYE, old home! My spirits droop,
And tears my downy cheeks be-wet;
But, as I'm moving to a coop,
You, my dear shell, are now To Let!"

Do You Know

THAT when about to leave our friends at the close of a visit it is incorrect to say "We will now take our leave"? What we mean is "We will now take your leave, or permission, to go."

That Egyptian mummy wheat will not grow? It is impossible for seeds thousands of years old to germinate.

That so far from being the king of beasts in courage, daring, and strength, the lion is a coward that will always run away from hunters rather than fight, and is not nearly so powerful as the tiger?

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in table but not in chair;
My second's in comb but not in hair;
My third is in pepper but not in salt;
My fourth is in error but not in fault;
My fifth is in Herbert and also in Bert;
My sixth is in collar but not in shirt;
My last is in sorrow but not in sigh;
My whole is a man of position high.

Answer next week

Do You Live at Shipley?

SHIPLEY simply means the sheep meadow, and no doubt in old times the site of the town was a well-known pasturage for sheep. Shipton, the name of some ten towns and villages in England, means the sheep village.

A Fair Offer

To a leopard a scientist cried,
"There are ninety-two spots on your hide."
Growled the beast, in a rage,
"If you'll enter my cage,
Your accounts shall be checked, sir, inside!"

The Year's at the Spring

SPRING is coming! Pink with blushes

Glow the hedges and the glen;

Snowdrops stir, and singing thrushes

Join the robin and the wren.

Green and glad is everything—

Welcome! welcome! sunny

Spring!

WHAT English word of one syllable becomes a word of two syllables if two letters be taken from it? Plague, ague.

The Pirate Puppy

DON'T talk to me of Captain Kidd
And of the booty that he hid,
Returning after years at sea
To dig his riches up with glee.

For we've a pirate, too, at home,
Though he has never sailed the foam.

His treasure lies concealed around,
Beneath a crust of garden ground.

He doesn't roam the Spanish main,
His trips are mostly down the lane;

But back he comes, our pirate bold,
To dig up bones—not plundered gold.

For he's just Spot, our pup, no more,
Who rakes the flower-beds o'er and o'er,

A dog with four destructive feet,
Whose buried hoards are things to eat!

A Reasonable Doubt

LITTLE MADGE had begun to take lessons in natural history, and her mother wanted to know how she was getting on.

"What did you learn in your lesson today, dear?" asked Mother.

"Well, I'm beginning to think, from what the mistress said, that it wasn't a cow that jumped over the moon after all. It must have been a kangaroo."

What Are We?

TWICE ten are six of us,

Six are but three of us,

Nine are but four of us;

What can we possibly be?

Would you know more of us,

Twelve are but six of us,

Five are but four, do you see?

Solution next week

WHEN are we all portrait artists?
When we draw long faces.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Mystery

A nut cracked and eaten by you in the presence of your friends.

Arithmetical Problem

The new price was threepence a dozen, or four for a penny; the old price was fourpence a dozen, or three for a penny.

Built-up Words

Part-ridge, par-rot, chin-a, bride-groom, page-ant.

Jacko Minds the Baby

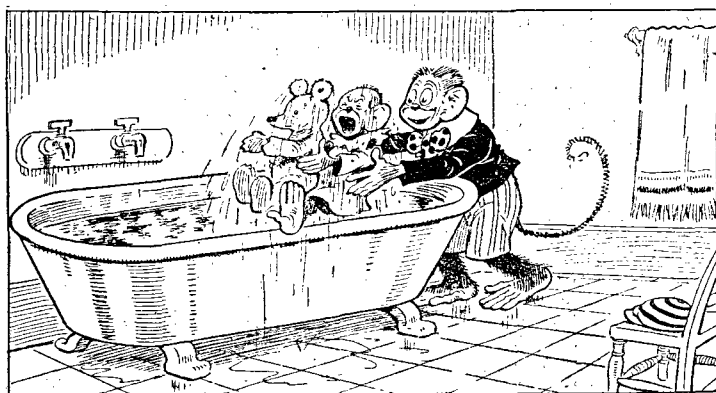
JACKO was in dire disgrace. And it was all over the coat that Jacko had burnt, pretending to press it for his big brother. It was some time before he could think of something to put himself into the family's good graces again.

But one morning a letter came from Aunt Matilda, inviting Mrs. Jacko to spend the afternoon with her.

It was a beautiful spring day, and Mother Jacko wanted very much to go.

"But I can't," she said, shaking her head. "I can't go without Baby, and Baby's got such a cold that he's better at home. Besides," she added, "I've got to dye the parlour curtains; they're so shabby, hanging there in the bright sun, I'm ashamed for the neighbours to see them."

"I'll look after Baby," said Jacko suddenly—and everybody stared, for it was Saturday and half-holiday. "Don't worry about him. You go. It'll do you good to get out for a bit."



Jacko promptly hauled him out

"Well, really, it's very thoughtful of you, Jacko, I must say," replied his mother. "I think I will."

And so, directly the dinner things were put away, she put on her bonnet, and off she went.

"Be sure you take care of Baby," were the last words she said as she went out of the gate.

But Jacko didn't answer; his mind was busy with a wonderful idea he'd just thought of. Not only would he mind the baby; he would dye the parlour curtains too.

"There's nothing I can't do when I make up my mind," bragged Jacko, and he ran into the kitchen and poked about the store cupboard for the dye.

He found it quite easily, dashed upstairs into the bathroom, filled the bath, threw in the dye stuff, and ran down again to settle Baby with a picture book on the hearthrug.

But in searching for a book for Baby he found an uncommonly interesting one for himself, and, forgetting all about the curtains, and Baby too, he dropped into an armchair and began to read.

About two hours later he was startled by the sound of a tremendous splash and a piercing yell. It sounded like Baby. Jacko looked at the hearthrug; but Baby had disappeared.

Jacko dashed upstairs three steps at a time.

There was Baby—in the bath. But Jacko hardly recognised him; he was blue, a bright blue, from head to feet. He was also very cold and miserable, sneezing violently, and beginning to cry.

Jacko promptly hauled him out, and was rubbing him down when Mrs. Jacko came back; then, thinking his services would no longer be required, Jacko hastily deposited the baby on the floor, took a flying leap down the stairs, and dashed out of the house.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left.

Sheep Killed by Lightning

Five hundred sheep were being driven to the sheds at Warrane Station, New South Wales.

They were camped at mid-day by the roadside, resting from the heat of the sun. A thunderstorm came up, and the sheep scattered and hugged the fence. There were several blinding flashes. Fifty sheep were killed; nine were killed outright. The lightning apparently struck the fencing wire where the sheep were standing, and ran along for some hundreds of yards.

Except that they were dazed and partly blinded by the flashes, the drovers were uninjured.

Moutons Tués par la Foudre

On menait cinq cents moutons aux étables du poste de Warrane, Nouvelle-Galles du Sud.

A midi on campa au bord de la route pour se remettre de la chaleur du soleil. Un orage éclata, et les moutons se dispersèrent et se serrèrent contre la clôture. Il y eut plusieurs éclairs aveuglants. Cinquante moutons furent tués, dont neuf instantanément. Il paraît que la foudre était tombée sur le fil de fer de clôture où se tenaient les moutons et l'avait suivi à une distance de plusieurs centaines de mètres.

Sauf qu'ils furent éblouis et à moitié aveuglés par les éclairs, les bergers n'eurent aucun mal.

Tales Before Bedtime

Jam Pot House

IT really was a beautiful house; everyone who saw it said how lovely it was.

It was made of such jolly things, too. And the children had loved doing it. They had hammered nails in, fastened boards together, fixed shelves, hung up curtains, patted the floor smooth, and then, in the end, when it was all finished, put on a nice clean jam pot for a chimney!

"Call it Jam Pot House," Daddy said, and so Jam Pot House it became!

There was one thing, though, which did rather spoil it. "It does want to be painted," Dennis said. "I do think Daddy and Mummy need not have forbidden that."

And they both felt sad.

But the little house had to be left, for the children were going away to a farm. They were sorry to leave it; but it was lovely to be going away.

"Good-bye, Jam Pot House!" they shouted; and it was the last thing they looked at as they jumped into the taxi.

And then for a month the little house was quite forgotten.

There was so much to interest them at the farm; and it was only when they were coming sadly home again that Dennis said: "I say, Ann, Jam Pot House!"

"Yes, there's that," she answered.

The children jumped out of the taxi, and ran up the path.

Then they stopped and stared!

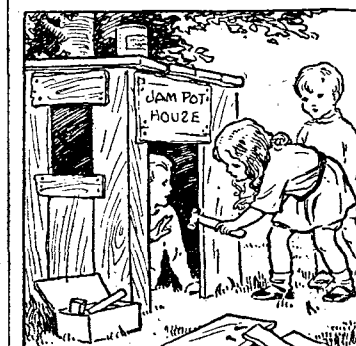
They ran up and touched it.

Yes—it was dry!

The little house was painted the most beautiful green and white.

Daddy had followed them, and he stood staring too.

"Who ever has—" he began, and just then a painter came up. The children looked



The children loved it

round and saw that the whole house had been painted the same green and white.

"Did you do this?" Daddy asked.

"Yes."

"But why?"

"Why? You told me to do the house, palings, and all the outhouses."

"Bless the man!" said Daddy, "but I did not tell you to do Jam Pot House," and then he laughed, and so did Dennis and Ann.

Then and Now



The Old Charley of 1923



Policeman of 1923

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 24, 1923

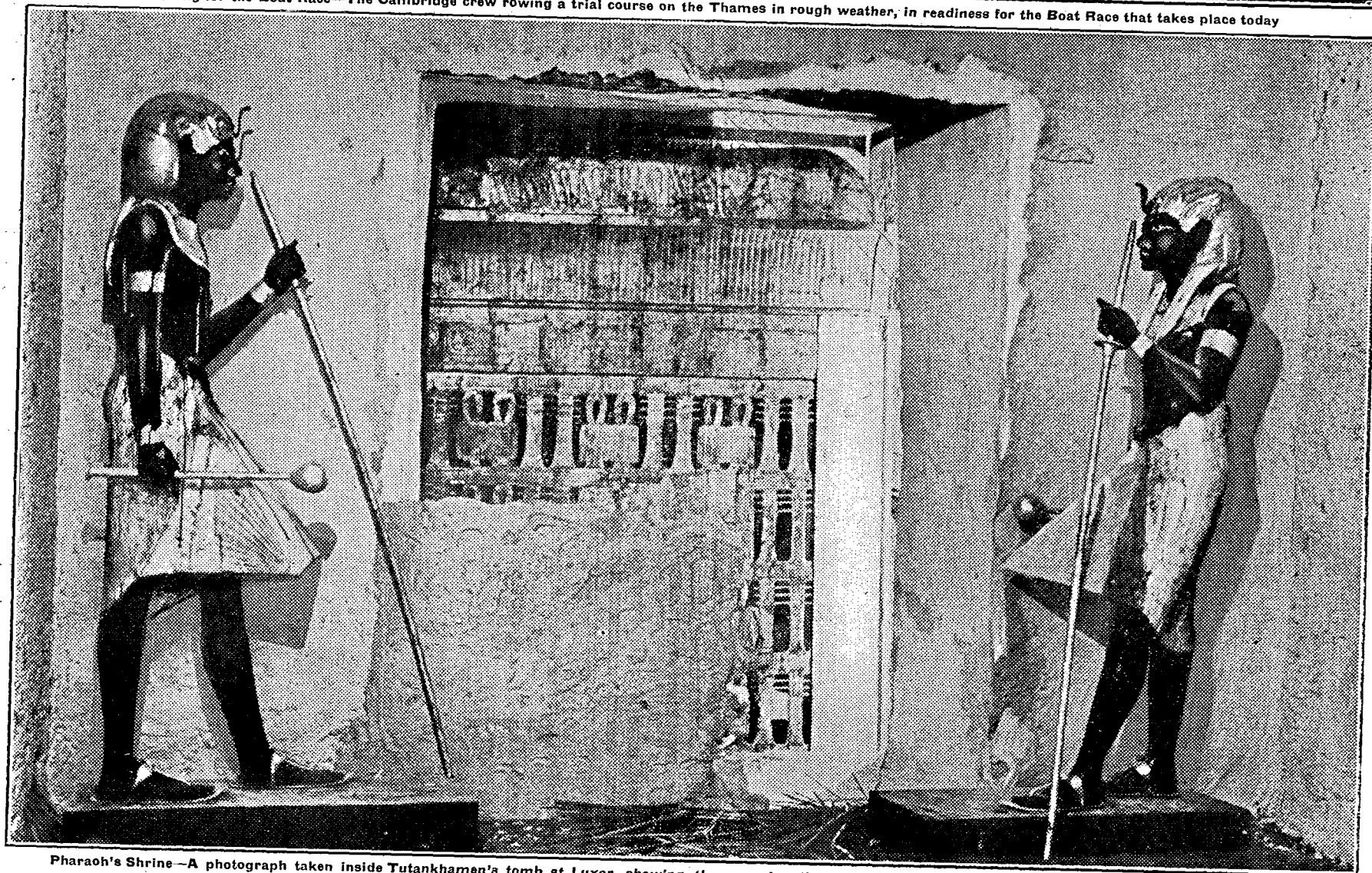
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TODAY'S BOAT RACE CREWS · THE FIRST PEEP AT TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB



Practising for the Boat Race—The Cambridge crew rowing a trial course on the Thames in rough weather, in readiness for the Boat Race that takes place today



Pharaoh's Shrine—A photograph taken inside Tutankhamen's tomb at Luxor, showing the opened wall into the inner chamber and the shrine containing the king's body
This photograph is The Times world copyright by arrangement with the Earl of Carnarvon.



The Oxford Boat Race Crew at Practice—The Oxford crew, which includes two American students, one of whom will be the stroke, is here seen rowing on the Thames

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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